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AUGUST 26, 1969

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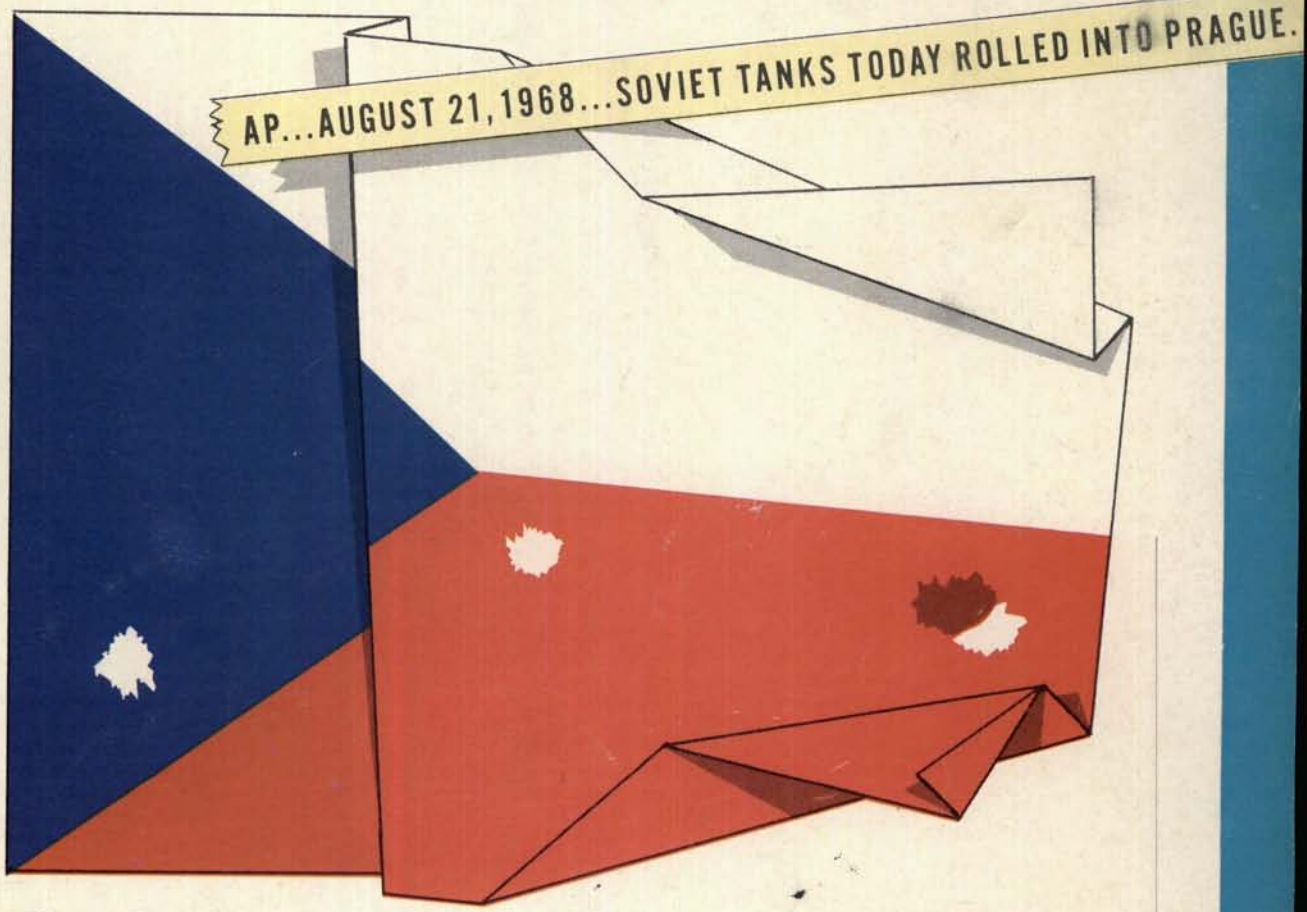
NATIONAL REVIEW



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Will this Buckley charmer (distaff side) become another *Please Don't Eat the Daisies?* The Times seems to think so....

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1969

Books of The Times

Growing Up With the Buckleys

By JOHN LEONARD

WILL MRS. MAJOR GO TO HELL? The Collected Work of Aloise Buckley Heath. Introduction by Priscilla L. Buckley and William F. Buckley Jr. 272 pages. Arlington House. $6.

FOR years I've been retelling one of Aloise Buckley Heath's autobiographical stories to disgruntled dinner guests. It had to do with an encyclopedia she bought on the installment plan; her haphazard way of paying for it; the computerized collection agency which, when she missed a month, mistakenly sent her the seventh instead of the first in a series of nine nasty letters; the riotous escalation of threats and reprisals, and the final attempt by the encyclopedia to garnishee her husband's salary at the oil company where he worked.

The encyclopedia was informed that Mrs. Heath owned a tenth of the oil company and that the other nine-tenths were owned by her nine brothers and sisters.

As I told the story, I could see each sentence in my mind. In comes this delightful collection of her articles. Eagerly, I sought the original. It wasn't there. Why wasn't it there? Because she had never gotten around to putting it down on paper. She was, as Priscilla Buckley (a sister) and William F. Buckley Jr. (a brother) note in their introduction, "notoriously disorganized . . . she would agree to write anything in the world any editor asked her to write; and simply did not do so."

One reason why she didn't do so is that she was the mother of 10 children. Her family came first. And it was her family, the ones she grew up with and the ones she helped to grow up, that she usually wrote about. An extraordinary crew, reminding one (if they will permit an invidious analogy) of the Kennedys: the Roman Catholicism, the patriarch, the family compound, the loyalty, wit, charm, industry and tragedy. Indeed, it seems almost as though the Buckleys and the Kennedys were engaged in a war of propagation to determine who will inherit the earth.

Note to a King

Whether she's describing the childhood of her famous brother (at age 6, Bill B. wrote the King of England demanding he pay back the war debt); or solving the Santa Claus problem ("Sweetie, how should I know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Did you ever think of that?"); or exploring the sociology of the car pool ("without car pools, private schools would cease to exist; public schools would be in a state of pandemonium, what with having to take in all those private-school children; and this nation would have to appraise candidly the possibility of the Central Congolese getting to Mars before us"); or recalling the early days of National Review ("almost 22,000 people had been able to breach the ramparts of the Circulation Department and successfully achieve a subscription")—she is graceful, witty, opinionated, memorable.

Take a for instance: "The average man is well into his twenties before he is able to get angry without trying to fight; and he is well into the next world before he stops losing his temper, shouting, slamming doors, swearing. Twice as many men as women have nervous breakdowns, three times as many commit suicide, four times as many have ulcers, and there are fifty times more unpremeditated attacks and a hundred times more unpremeditated murders by men than by women. But you know what women do, don't you? Women cry! Women cry because women are more emotional than men, that's why."

Or her attempt to re-create a love scene in a ladies' magazine "in the course of which a woman stood 'with her hands clasped on Loren's neck, her red hair pressed against his chin, her lips ardently uplifted.' The trouble is, when *I* clasp *my* hands on my husband's neck, press my interestingly graying hair against his chin and ardently uplift *my* lips, all *I* get is a mouthful of Adam's apple."

Doubleness and Halfness

Or her hilarious grappling with the new math in an article called "Spare Me the Rods," ending with the realization that on a single morning a kindergarten class was "brought to see the logic of doubleness and halfness, which is a pretty big thing to understand . . . I wondered, too, if the New mathematics, or the modern mathematics, is not simply the mathematical application of a very old science called logic; and whether the 'new' techniques of teaching are not as old as Socrates, helping the young men of Athens nearly twenty-five hundred years ago to stumble their wordy way toward eternal verities."

Best of all are Mrs. Heath's annual Christmas reports, her attempts to imitate the Trapp family, to tape her children's caroling ("'Just who,' I asked, in my most restrained voice, 'is Round John Virgin?' 'One of the twelve opossums,' the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano"), to instruct her brood on the meaning of the world. It was on Christmas Eve, 1967, that she collapsed, and two weeks later died, at age 48.

Those readers who must spray a sort of ideological antiseptic over every book before sitting down to grapple with it should be warned right now that Mrs. Heath had what some would say were unfashionable political opinions, like the rest of her family, and they are to be found in this book. She voted for Goldwater, she made fun of the U.N. Declaration of the Rights of Children, she opposed Khrushchev's visit to the United States and she was one of the most successful fund-raisers in Smith College history when she proposed to her fellow alumnae that they withhold their contributions until the college explained the affiliations of several professors.

If that puts anyone off from reading this book, the anyone is indeed impoverished. I remember a story she never finished writing; and although I never met her, I feel I know her now on the basis of her book, and am the richer for the acquaintance. After that last sad Christmas, her youngest child said: "Nothing will ever be fun again."

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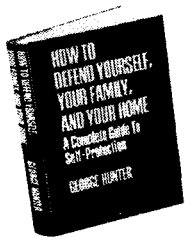

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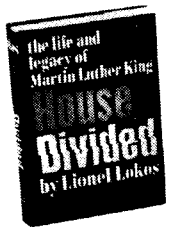

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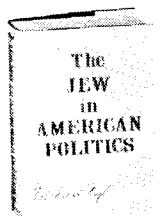

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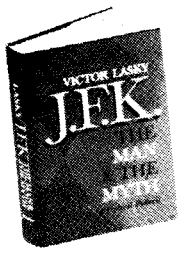

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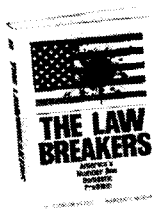

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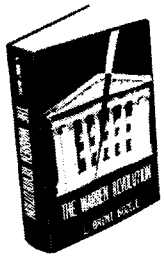

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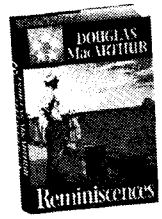

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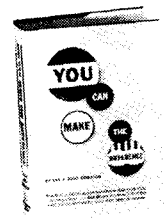

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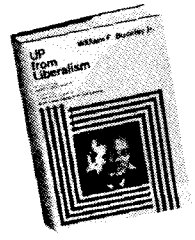

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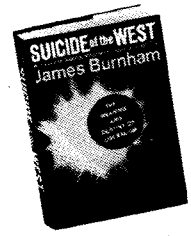

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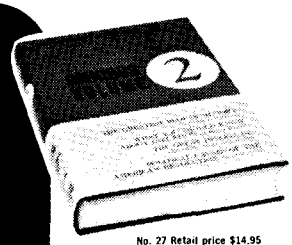

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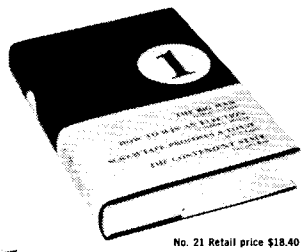

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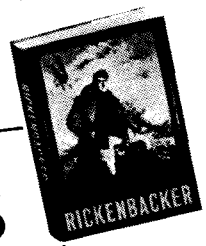

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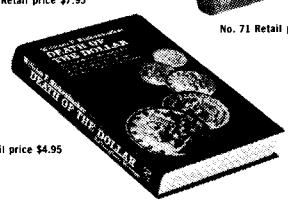

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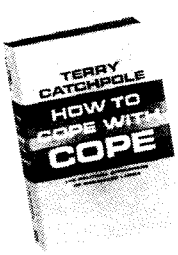

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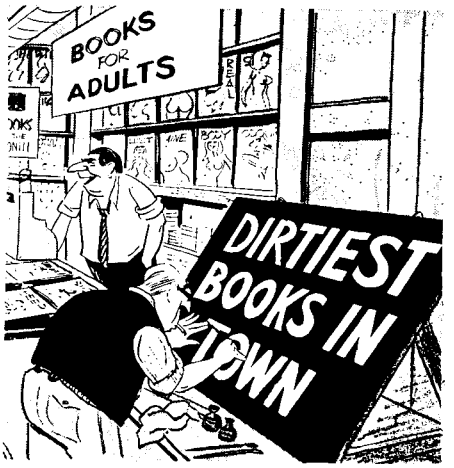
FOR THE RECORD

■ The anti ABMers were, among other things, voting to strike down the President's traditional authority as commander-in-chief. Every one of the leading Democratic Presidential contenders, points out columnist Wm. S. White, did so. Count 'em: **Edward Kennedy**, **Edmund Muskie**, **George McGovern**, **Fred Harris**. (Only reason **HHH** didn't is that he's no longer in Senate.) On GOP side the antis included old-time liberals **Aiken** (Vt.), **Case** (N.J.), **Cooper** (Ky.), **Javits** (N.Y.) and newcomers to Senate **Brooke** (Mass.), **Cook** (Ky.), **Goodell** (N.Y.), **Hatfield** (Ore.), **Mathias** (Md.), **Pearson** (Kan.), **Percy** (Ill.), **Saxbe** (Ohio), **Schweiker** (Pa.). . . . Columnist **James Jackson Kilpatrick** comments after hearing Senators Goodell, Mathias and Saxbe discuss what the Republican Party should do to win elections that the thunder heard in the background "wasn't thunder. It was the bones of **Bill McKinley** rolling over in his grave." . . . Liberal-Ripon wing of party scared silly, the pros say, at popularity of **Kevin Phillips**' *The Emerging Republican Majority*, which analyses 1968 election and concludes the GOP can become *the* majority party if it continues moving right. (Among Phillips' points: We've come a long way from the New Deal days when the few were taxed for the benefit of the many; now the many are being taxed for the few.)

■ Kudos Kennedy probably would just as soon not have received: Statement by Mayor **Richard Daley** of Chicago that he would still back Teddy for President in 1972. . . . Oddment: helicopter descent of lawyer **F. Lee Bailey** on Martha's Vineyard a week ago. He took a stroll, then re-embarked and wafted off. . . . Reason why Edmund Muskie probably won't be President, mushy statements such as: "[I may run for the Presidency because] it's the kind of challenge I would feel is the ultimate experience in public life."

■ Celestial notes: **Madalyn Murray O'Hair** formally filed suit last week to prevent future astronauts while on duty from practicing religion on "earth, in space or around and about the moon." Counterattack by Station KEAR in San Francisco: It has collected 1,250,000 signatures of those approving **Apollo 8** crew's Bible reading. . . . Sen. Charles Goodell, whose timing is notoriously off (he thinks the country is moving left), called for deep cuts in space program the very day **Neil Armstrong** stepped down on the moon. . . . All and all, twenty thousand American firms were involved in NASA Apollo program. . . . The **Jules Verne** Society of France has asked NASA to place a statue of Verne near the site of the fictional city



Cookson, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

of Stoneville, Florida from which Verne launched *his* trip to the moon nearly a century ago.

■ Attention **Steve Allen**: *Der Spiegel* (sometimes more sensational than accurate) reports that the Soviet High Command has recommended a preemptive Soviet air strike against Red China's nuclear installations in Sinkiang province before Peking develops a nuclear rocket—sometime next year. . . . A *Daily News* column reports that **Cyrus Eaton**'s 42nd birthday present to **Fidel Castro** will be $1-million worth of steel and iron for use in repairing Cuba's railroads. . . . Algeria has given a passport to **Miriam Makeba**, **Stokely Carmichael**'s South African wife, as "a sign of its solidarity with the peoples of the world against imperialism."

■ According to **Evans and Novak**, unofficial polls in New York City show **Mario Procaccino** (Dem.) with 40 per cent of the vote; **John Lindsay** (Lib.), 30 per cent and **John Marchi** (Rep., Cons.), 22 per cent. The big question, say the columnists, is whether Lindsay can lure back the Jewish voters he alienated during last fall's school strike. . . . Unkind anti-Lindsayites have unearthed an early Lindsay slogan of the 1965 campaign: "Breathe Easier, Sleep Better, Feel Safer with the Lindsay Team." (Lindsay, of course, has accused Marchi and Procaccino of appealing to base instincts in their law-and-order planks.) . . . **Averell Harriman** may have flipped: He is quoted as saying that South Vietnamese "Premier **Nguyen van Thieu** [Thieu is president] represents the non-Communists [in his country as much] as Mario Procaccino represents the Democratic Party in New York City." (Both were chosen in free elections.) . . . Oh yes, **John Kenneth Galbraith** is endorsing Lindsay. . . . Much amused, **Philip Crane**, longtime American Conservative Union director, to find that all other candidates to fill **Don Rumsfeld**'s congressional seat (Ill. 13th CD) insist they are conservatives. Crane himself had expected to be singled out for attack on that charge by *Chicago Sun Times*. (Rumsfeld resigned from Congress to take over the helm at the Office of Economic Opportunity.)

■ The **Women's Liberation Movement**, big now in all the New Left groups, has got itself a swinging new slogan: "Sister Power to the Sisters." Hey man.

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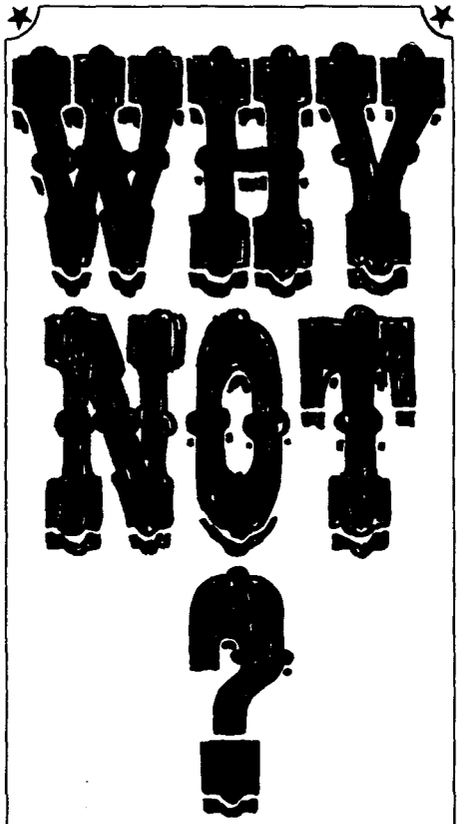

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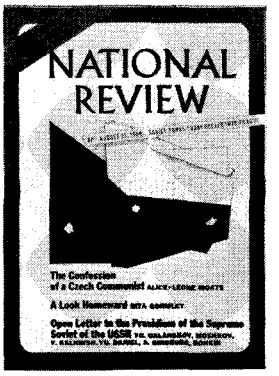
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We take the occasion of the first anniversary of the Czech invasion to confirm that despite all those stories about Soviet mellowing, Russia is still, in the words of James Burnham, the "quintessential model of a terror-police state." **Alice-Leone Moats**, first woman war correspondent in WW2 and author of *Blind Date with Mars*, discusses Arthur London's description of the 1952 Slansky trial. London confessed to crimes against the state after being tortured by the Communists, whose methods make the Nazis look like blundering neophytes. . . . **Rita Gormley**, widely published free-lance writer, makes her first appearance in *NR* with the story of a ballerina who revisits her family in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs, she discovers, despise the Red Army muzhiks who occupy her homeland and corrupt its culture. A silent spring in Czechoslovakia. . . . And in an open letter to the rulers in the Kremlin, smuggled out of Russia and printed here for the first time in its entirety, **Yuli Daniel** and five other Russian writers describe the inhuman conditions they have been enduring in a Soviet labor camp. . . . **Peter Witonski**, soon to become Assistant Professor of History at Washington University in St. Louis, writes from Portugal on the smooth passing of power from Dr. Salazar to Marcello Caetano. . . . Camelot has shrunk to Chappaquiddick, says **Francis Russell**, who travels to Edgartown and hears a novel hypothesis being advanced by resident Teddy-buffs. . . . **James Burnham** studies the defection of Anatoly Kuznetsov and discourses on the illusory nature of thaws. . . . **Russell Kirk** looks at the whole question of sex education in the public schools and comes to some surprising conclusions. . . . **Charles Foley**, fresh from sojurning in Italy, leaves his heart in Siena. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** points out that Teddy has symbolically pleaded the Fifth, that Mrs. Stephen Smith's wig is being denied diplomatic recognition, and that a Vietnam bugout will permanently tilt the Asian balance of power in the wrong direction.


NATIONAL REVIEW
The Confession of a Czech Communist
A Look Homeward
Open Letter to the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR

■ **Tibor Szamuely** considers two books by Soviet military men, one an anthology of snippets from memoirs, the other a collection of articles by Marshal Georgi Zhukov, the best of Stalin's generals. . . . **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** reviews Russell Kirk's latest. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** finds reflected in the collected letters of E. E. Cummings the same radical individualism and love of freedom that informs the best of his poetry. . . . **Arlene Croce**, whose *NR* essay "Invisible to the Naked Eye" is reprinted in *The Film* (Bobbs-Merrill), enjoys the autobiography of Lillian Gish. . . . And **C. H. Simonds** tools up the Taconic Parkway, stops for a sarsaparilla, and rediscovers Mabel Mercer.

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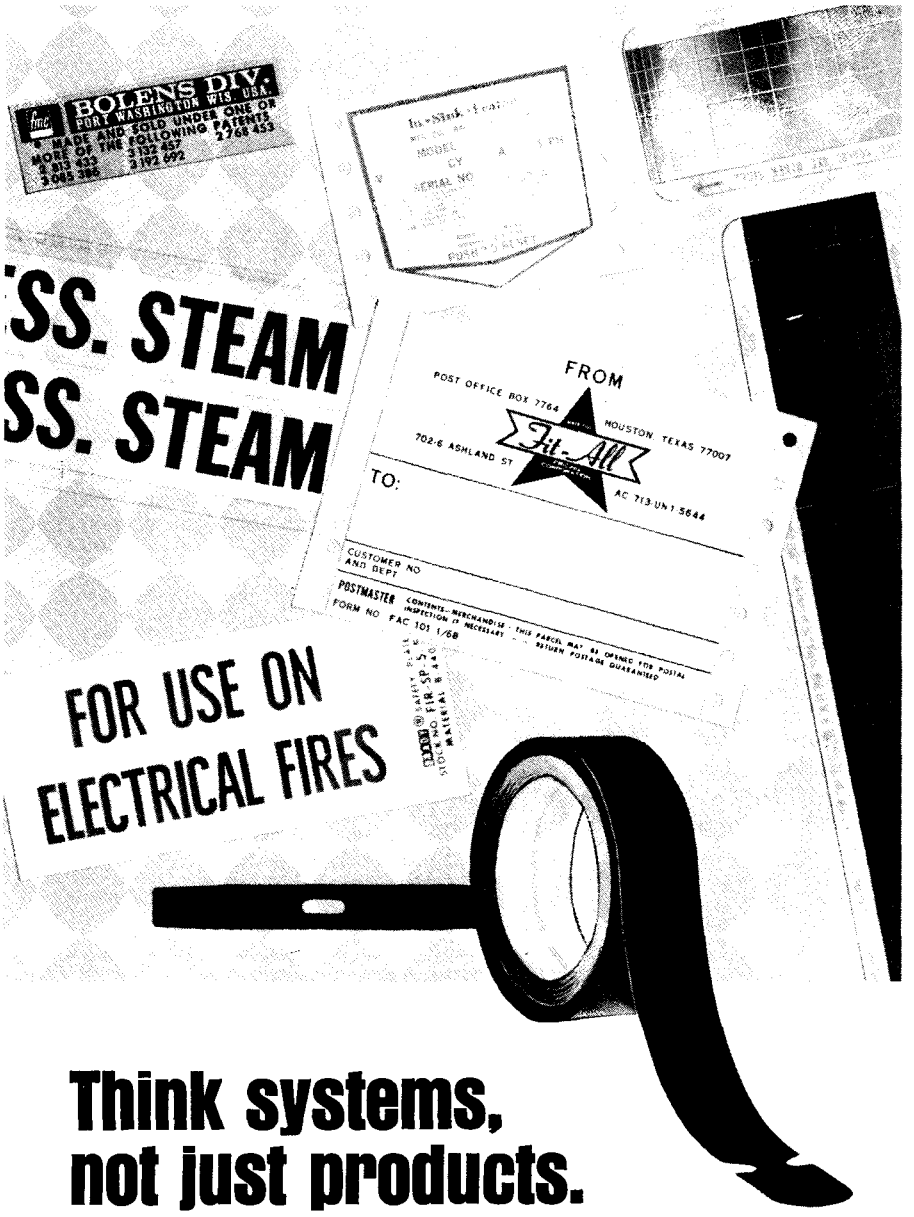

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LETTERS

Chetsky, Nyet! Jeffries, Da!

The article "The Chetsky-Davidov Report" [*NR*, July 29] was out of sight. Let me be the first to congratulate Jean Jeffries, if I may have that honor. It was a brilliant piece of work. I thoroughly relished every word. I am glad to see an article which gives the American people credit for having a sense of humor while at the same time retaining their seriousness.

It was a beautiful and, frankly, to me, quite humorous mirrored view of the somewhat taken-for-granted occurrences here in the good old U.S.A. with the images returning as their counterpart at the red end of the spectrum. The angle of reflection equal to the angle of incidence, of course.

Atlanta, Ga. JOE PRINE

Black Capitalism

Simply let me say that the back-to-back articles by John Coyne and John Chamberlain [*NR*, July 29] should be given massive circulation to counter the *mea culpa* mystique which leads us to spend more time blithering about our problems than we spend in solving them. These articles fly in your face and say: "Look; it can be done."

Colorado Springs, Col. MICHAEL CILETTI

Sputnik? So What?

To answer a question often posed to him on the lecture circuit Mr. Antony Sutton answers [*NR*, July 15] by repeating the question: "What about Sputnik?"

He then follows up with a dissertation on Pavlovian psychology. Let us concede that Pavlovian psychology is an interesting subject of itself. What Sutton fails to do is answer a technological question in technological terms.

I am quite willing to put my reputation as a competent chemical engineer on the line by saying that a workable orbital rocket could have been built as far back as 1880. The pumping and metallurgical know-how required for the fuel storage, combustion chambers and rocket body were adequate. What was not present was the will, the motivation.

We could build a starship today if the need were there. All that Sutton has shown is that 77 years after it was first possible, the Russians came up with a few months edge in motivation.

Less well known and perhaps less palatable is the fact that Eisenhower canceled a sure 1956 success when he canceled Project Orbiter for the politically more expedient (and pyrotechnically more spectacular) failures of Project Vanguard.

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Even less well known is the fact that a group of Civil Service rocketeers came to within half a day of bootlegging an orbital shot in '56 as a part of a Wallops Island suborbital experiment. Post facto analysis indicates that the odds in favor of a success were two to one. However, Ike got wind of the try and sent a major general down from the Pentagon to cancel the attempt.

The reason why Sutton hears the question "What about Sputnik?" is that Dwight Eisenhower was something of a political coward and lacking in imagination.

Parkersburg, W. Va. V. A. AUGSTKALNS

A. C. Sutton's idea [*NR*, July 15] that it is the Diabolically Clever Pavlovian Techniques of the Soviets which made our response to their challenge so ineffective is all very interesting. But this theory fails to explain why only our ruling liberals prove to be susceptible.

Regardless of censorship, many in the West have been able to see the Soviets in their true light. Reports from refugees, official Communist literature, and, above all, observation of Soviet activities should be enough evidence for anyone. Why, then, do our leaders consistently fail to make correct judgments?

As James Burnham has said: "What Communism does is to carry liberal principles to their logical and practical extreme. . . ." And therefore, "The liberal's arm cannot strike with consistent firmness against Communism, either domestically or internationally, because the liberal dimly feels that in doing so he would be somehow wounding himself."

Because of this unconscious identification, the liberal is apt to make only the most favorable interpretations of Communist intentions and capabilities.

It appears, then, that Russian success is due not so much to their heavy-handed propaganda machine as to the inability of the liberals who direct our society's response to view Communism other than through rose-colored glasses.

Tucson, Ariz. ROBERT E. BEGY

Congratulations

Congratulations on your July 15 issue: from the interesting cover design to Mr. Buckley's perfect summation of the "ban the grapes" movement it was certainly a masterpiece of journalistic achievement. Mr. Sutton's article was an engrossing exploration of the present dilemma in our relationship with the Soviet Union.

All in all, this will be a most difficult issue to top. Keep up the good work!

Libertyville, Ill. RICHARD J. HACKETT

Hands off Jerusalem

Internationalizing Jerusalem ["The Week," July 29] is easier dreamed than done. There are no internations, only nations—and the UN. No one supposes the State of Israel can find a fair hearing there. It never has. The UN record in 1967 is

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hardly warrant for a repeat performance.

Jerusalem is a city with a substantial Jewish majority; approximately 200,000 Jews and 60,000 Arabs live there. The new part, in Israeli hands before 1967, contains few holy places, but it does contain the Government of the State of Israel.

What is sacred in Jerusalem? Holy places—and these should be placed in the hands of those to whom they are holy. But that is even now the case. If Arab Moslems will not visit the shrines under an Israeli flag, then some sort of legal status needs to be worked out to satisfy their quite natural expectations, but this can be done without the UN.

The national security of the state of Israel, moreover, depends upon Jerusalem, as King David recognized when he acquired the site and fortified it. Jerusalem commands the hill country, north, east, south and west, and the hills command the sea coast. Jerusalem became holy long after it was strategic.

Still, the only real "error" in your editorial is its rationality. The reason for conflict in the Middle East is the absence of the kindly, constructive spirit revealed in your comments. The Arabs will not permit the state of Israel to endure; peace now on their terms is simply a way-station toward a war of extermination. And the Israelis will not collaborate in their own extermination.

Edmund Wilson quotes the following parable in his *Dead Sea Scrolls*: A scorpion comes to a river and asks a frog to carry him across. "But you'll sting me," protests the frog. "Oh, no, I won't," says the scorpion. "I want to get over to the other side." So the frog undertakes to ferry him, but when they are only halfway over the scorpion does sting the frog. "Oh, why did you do that when you'd promised? Now I'll die and you'll drown!" Hissed the scorpion, "This is the Middle East!"

Providence, R. I. JACOB NEUSNER

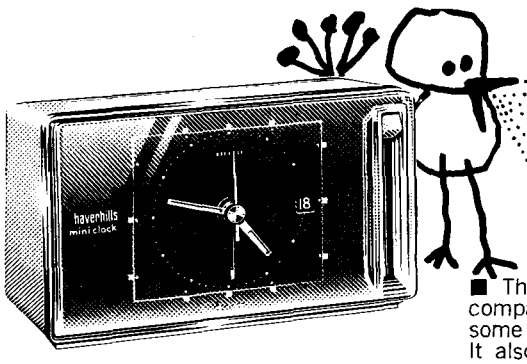
Hands off. Let the participants to the dispute settle it without our intervention no matter how well motivated we may be. The road to peace in the Middle East does not cross through the UN, the United States, the USSR, Rome or any other place. Peace can only come when Arabs and Israelis sit down, as they inevitably must and will, and iron out their differences.

Cynwyd, Pa. LEON KORNGOLD

Remember, Jordan attacked the Israeli section of Jerusalem after being asked to stay out of the Six Day war. The aim of this stab in the back was to make Jerusalem an Arab city. If it had succeeded, what would the UN have done then, poor thing?

Absolutely nothing, and you know it!

Vanport, Pa. FRANK C. WORBS JR.



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Dump Drewp

In response ["The Week," July 29] to Drew Pearson's observation that 240 million gallons of excrement flow in the Potomac, you added the comment "along with numerous old Pearson columns. . . ." Having read numerous old Pearson columns, I can only assume that you meant to say *including* numerous old Pearson columns.

Chicago, Ill. BRIAN M. GROSS

Victory in Vietnam

Congratulations for your editorial concerning Vietnam ["The Sands Are Running," July 29].

Your editorial states clearly the only course President Nixon can choose if he and South Vietnam are to survive. It was indeed pleasing to hear you state your case for victory in Vietnam, for that is the only solution, and no lapse of time can change it.

Philadelphia, Pa. MICHAEL MCMONAGLE

Kirk v. Levy

Mr. Irving Levy in his letter to the editor [*NR*, July 29] seems to think that Russell Kirk is content that "there should be schools of every splintered variety," which, if allowed to share in the tax dollar paid by all Americans who use them, would weaken "the most unifying force in our national life, the public schools," where "many diverse elements become fused into Americans." I was under the impression that Americanism was not the exclusive domain of the public school system; that most schools worth their salt *supplemented* the teaching children receive from their parents about the privilege of citizenship and their obligations as Americans.

If private schools tend to accentuate prejudicial differences and produce hyphenated Americans in a crazy-quilt system, how would he characterize a state-run school system that has its own very real prejudicial aspects, in that: a) it refuses (with urging from the Supreme Court) to recognize the moral principles that are the only things that *will* eventually erase prejudice, and b) the "religion" of secularism is being taught with more fervor in the public school system than any denominational religion is being taught in any private or parochial school.

I think what Mr. Kirk has been trying to say is that the state has a monopoly on the education tax, and that, despite the caution of the First Amendment on restricting the "free exercise of religion," it seems that religion plays a part in qualifying for full citizenship: apparently if you've got it, you just ain't entitled to public money. Which poses the following questions: What is "public" money? Doesn't all "public" money begin as private money, paid in taxes by individuals? Aren't taxes collected from parochial citizens? If "public" money is denied these citizens, doesn't that make public money really "private" money, collected from

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everyone, but only distributed to an approved faction?

Audubon, N.J. JAMES G. WELSH

In a letter to *NR*, Irving Levy objects to the Campbell proposal to permit parents to use public funds to send their children to private schools because "the public schools have been the most unifying force in our national life." This was indeed true up till some twenty years ago; public schools then were places for learning.

Since then the educationists have taken over most public school systems. They divided the population by introducing, without any public approval, the nonphonetic reading method as well as lower educational standards. As a result some 10 per cent of the parents have taken their children out of the public schools; many more would do so if they could afford it. One of the prime causes of last year's eruptions in New York City public schools was that colored parents wanted their children to learn how to read.

Silver Springs, Md. ABRAHAM H. KALISH

Anti-gobbledegook

The quote attributed to me in your June 3 issue ["The Week"] is, to my dismay and your credit as an eagle-eyed reviewer, approximately as I uttered it.

May I presume that you allow your new reporters an occasional rewrite? If you also will allow me to rewrite the one "problem" sentence in the twenty-minute interview from which it was taken, I will try to make it understandable to myself, at least, and hopefully also to your readers.

In describing the approach to be taken by the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization, I might more clearly have said, "One must make a distinction between effectiveness—actually achieving the program results sought—and efficiency—the economic utilization of resources, particularly manpower, in doing so. The Council will concentrate on improved organizational means to do the former and (as stated in the interview) the Bureau of the Budget will continue to concentrate on the latter. Because these are interrelated matters, the two offices will work very closely together."

Have I degobbledegooked it?

If you have a few more pages, together we can list the programs where the Federal Government is not achieving its goals. For most of these, more money isn't the answer, improved concept, construction and management are.

Beverly Hills, Cal. ROY L. ASH

Pro-zeugmas

I was delighted to see Mr. Buckley (who else?) come up with the word "zeugma" ["On the Right," July 29]. I have been enchanted with this figure of speech since Virgil, and never in twenty post-Virgil years have I seen the word in print or heard it used.

Norwell, Mass. WILLIAM COWPERTHWAITE

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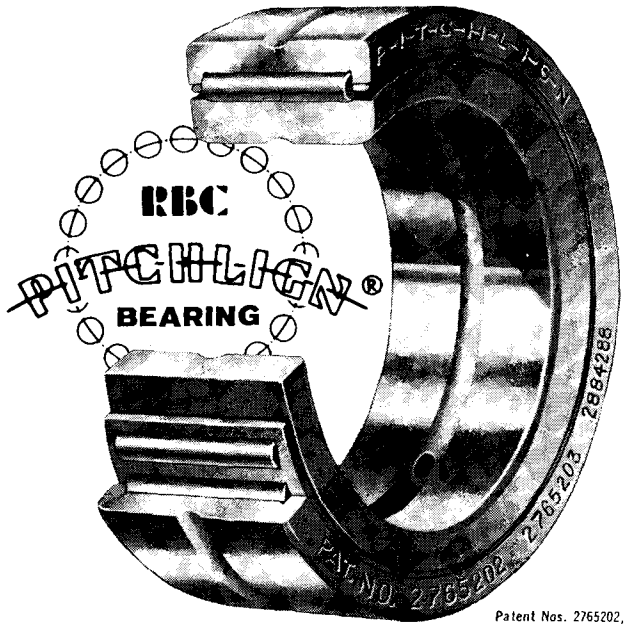

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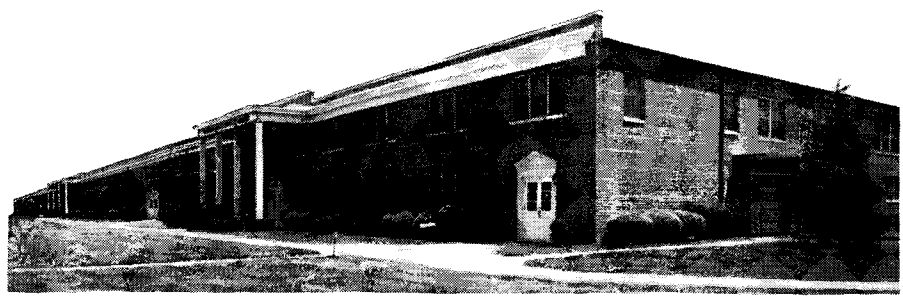

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THE WEEK

■ Love that Special Presidential Commission-ese! The SPC on pornography and obscenity, after nineteen months, has issued its "interim report," which says that, well, it's very hard to define "obscenity" and "pornography" despite which the Commission will labor on and continue to study "a wide variety of erotic stimuli."

■ Last spring Huey Perry, antipoverty director of Mingo County, West Virginia, in darkest Appalachia, advertised for city folk to take a new kind of vacation visiting poor folk in "the land of Hatfields and McCoys" (complete 21-day package for $378). Not many have taken him up, but one who showed was Dr. Helen Goodell, a college teacher, and her young nephew. They were assigned to a local family. The *New York Times*' story continues: "Dr. Goodell . . . was astonished to find that her hosts not only had electricity but a color television as well. . . . Mrs. Hale, the guide appointed by Mr. Perry, explained to her that in this isolated place, TV was the only easily available entertainment the people could enjoy." It surprised us, too, a little on first reading, but reflection makes the point obvious. After all, apart from fishing, hunting, hiking, whittling, cabinet-making, square dancing, round dancing, hymn singing, softball, swimming, skiing, touch football, playing musical instruments, Scrabble, anagrams, dominoes, knitting, charades, croquet, bird watching, butterfly collecting, gardening, card games, checkers, chess, and (pardon the expression) reading, there really *isn't* any easily available entertainment in rural areas. You certainly wouldn't expect people to spend their days looking at black-and-white TV, now would you?

■ Novelist Graham Greene has urged Western writers, as a gesture of solidarity with Soviet writers, to refuse permission for their books to be published in the Soviet Union. (This is not as selfless as it seems since the Soviet Union doesn't adhere to Western copyright conventions and pirates anything it wants to print anyway.) But it somehow reminds us of a Graham Greene statement a couple of years back, just after Daniel and Sinyavsky had been arrested: "If I had to choose between life in the Soviet Union and life in the United States, I would certainly choose the Soviet Union, as I would choose life in Cuba to life in those South American Republics like Bolivia, dominated by their northern neighbor, or life in North Vietnam to life in South Vietnam."

■ "The taxpayers of New York send $3 billion in tax money every year to fight an indefensible war in Vietnam. . . . They spend $6 billion more every year to finance the continued growth of the military-defense empire. That is $9 billion of New York money that goes every year into the work of death. That kind of priority is insane, and it is time we had the courage to say so. . . . That money belongs in the streets, the homes and the hopes of the cities" (John Vliet Lindsay, June 25, 1969). "We must not supply words and promises. We must supply action. We must not look away from Israel with the excuse that our own problems are so great—our own needs so urgent —that we have no time or energy or help to give Israel" (John Vliet Lindsay, July 30, 1969). In just one month of election campaigning, the streets, homes and hopes have become able to shift for themselves.

■ In California, Ronald Reagan's power and popularity grow apace. After two and a half years as Governor, Reagan is now in full voting control of the three governing boards that control the state's public higher education. So far he hasn't used his new muscle to push through hard-line measures against campus disrupters; the word is he will wait to see how things go when school reopens next month. The public mood is very much pro-Reagan and anti-disruption. Administrators, who resent any criticism of or interference with the campus, are dismayed. On another front, the state legislature approved unchanged Reagan's bound-to-be-popular proposal for an $87-million rebate on personal income taxes.

■ Frustrations a Growing Segment of Us Doubt Ever Got Frusted, Bitterness Ever Bitted, and Almighty Crises Ever Crised, Almighty, Even If the Ripon Society Thinks It's Hot News, Dept. Press Release, Immediate: "The Ripon Society today warned of a 'spreading brushfire of frustration and bitterness among a growing segment of volunteers and ex-volunteers' in VISTA." It seems the "morale crisis" arises because the volunteers feel their efforts are "like hunting elephants with pea shooters" in "the absence of a genuine governmental 'commitment to filling the nation's real needs.' " End of quote of quote. Ah, these newsfreaks. Today Cambridge, tomorrow the genuine true New Deal, with guaranteed annual mimeographs.

■ Suppose a majority of people continue to oppose something a "planner" feels is absolutely necessary, something that strikes him with the force of a categorical imperative. According to Herbert Gans in a doubtless prophetic piece in *N.Y. Times Sunday Magazine*, August 3, "poverty" and "segregation" can never be overcome under the present system because the majority won't vote for the necessary measures. Gans' solution is splendidly straightforward: abolish majority rule. He thinks social stability would be enhanced if minorities received special benefits *against the continuing will of the majority*. He is a sociologist on the staff of the Academy of Lagado.

■ We had put off our customary trip to the newsstand on the corner, but finally got there, black thoughts running through our head—had our favorite newspaper been corrupted by revisionism? We sidled over, slipped the man a quarter, and snatched the last copy of *Pravda*. So far so good—the report of Luna 15, doing well, was right on top of the front page. We glanced down the columns—

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Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a most unusual book

There is a famous New York ad campaign (you see it in all subways) for Levy's Rye Bread that goes: "You don't have to be Jewish to like Levy's." I was reminded of it as I read "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes." The book is a "sleeper" -- a little-publicized, hard-to-find book that really isn't just about religion, or just for Catholics. It has a kaleidoscopic range of arguments and ideas that is absolutely breathtaking. The contributors are impressive (Marshall McLuhan, Frank Sheed, Leslie Dewart, Walter Matt, Dale Francis, Daniel Callahan -- and Bill Buckley), and the number of subjects covered is incredible: God, the Trinity, the Bible, Original Sin, Heaven and Hell, Divorce and Remarriage, Anti-Semitism, Sex, Conscience, Celibacy, Contraception, Integration, Communism, Vietnam -- not to mention the fascinating "What I would do if I were Pope" section.

I could go on and on about this eye-opening book, but here's the point: if you are at all interested in this kind of thing, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody. But I can assure you that, if it is for you, you're in for a genuine treat. I can't remember when I last read such a wide-ranging, hard-hitting debate on so many vital and sensitive issues. There are clever arguments and some very poor ones too; good and bad logic; some moving and passionate pleas as well as some silly sophistry -- you'll probably feel like cheering some of the authors, while at the same time wondering how some of the others can be so wrong-headed. But you certainly won't be bored, and I'll bet that when you put this book down, you'll know -- and understand -- more about the current religious revolution that you thought possible from one book.

Finally, a personal note. I guess I've read everything that Bill Buckley has ever published. I don't know when he has been sharper -- or more effective -- than he is in this book. His "explanation" of Original Sin is the funniest thing I've read in ages (and Lord knows the Great Debate in religion needs some humor!). His handling of Satan is devilish, and ... well, I just hope you enjoy it as much as I did!

J.P.M.

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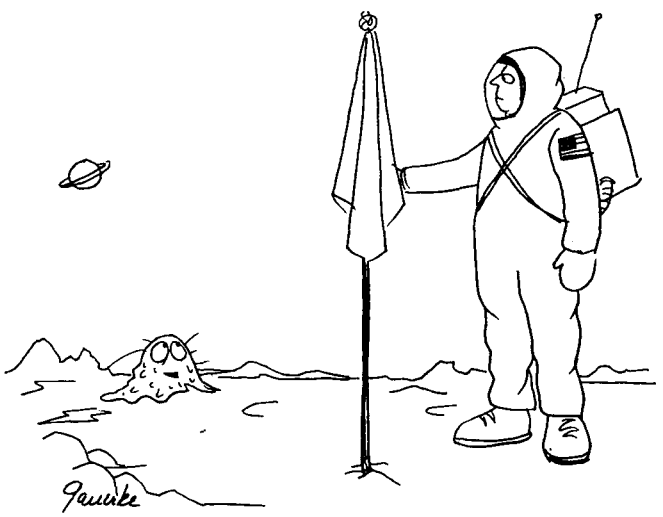
summer farmwork has begun; the new five-year plan is ahead of schedule. . . . Not on page two; only four more pages left. Ahh! right where it belonged, at the bottom of page five, was the report on Apollo, stressing the debt the American space venture owes to the Soviet people. The sky turned blue again; Sputnik's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

■ Greece!, mother of democracy (Athens), totalitarianism (Sparta), exhibitionism (Helios), perversion (Lesbos), doghouses (Lysistrata), all of the above (Skorpios) and other affronts to civilization, is at it again. According to "It Is Compulsory for All Citizens to Supply Self-Identification Information to Authorities," an article in *Eleftheros Kosmos*, it is compulsory for all citizens to supply self-identification information to authorities. Starting at age fourteen. This enables "government services to better serve citizens now that they are no longer subjected to the hardship of having to acquire certificates with information proving their identity since such information is already provided by their police identifications." Oink. That's the way the Parthenon crumbles.

■ There's Nobody Here But Us Semanticists: Practically everybody thinks he's interested in George Murphy's Senate seat, but S. I. Hayakawa denies all. "I've had a rich and full life," he said. "I have no deep hunger for power, money or adventure." Uh, huh.

■ Milestones in American Literature: Three years ago, 25 writers and reporters on the Long Island daily *Newsday* received a memo in which each was "officially invited to become the co-author of a best-selling novel. There will be an unremitting emphasis on sex. Also, true excellence in writing will be quickly blue-penciled into oblivion." The result: *Naked Came the Stranger*, a masterpiece of sex-in-suburbia by "Penelope Ashe." When the hoax was uncovered, twenty thousand copies had already been sold, paperback rights had been sold for $127,500, and competition was heavy for the film rights. "Penelope Ashe," whose photograph appears on the jacket and who has been promoting the book on television, turns out to be the perpetrator's sister-in-law. And as a result of the exposure, sales are better than ever. Next, it will be discovered that Jacqueline Susann is really the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.



"My regrets to the United States, the United Nations, the Soviet Union and all of human kind, but the Moon is mine."

■ The talk of India this week is an appeal by M. L. Sukhaida, Chief Minister of Rajasthan State, to Indian women to stop the population explosion by practicing "the Gandhian technique of nonviolent noncooperation" on their husbands. Gandhi, Shmandhi—ever heard of Aristophanes?

Let Not Your Right Hand . . .

The favorite Nixon political strategy—a simultaneous envelopment from both the right and the left flanks—makes it difficult at times to figure out just what's what on the Potomac front. After the President's TV presentation of his welfare program one of *NR*'s close associates telephoned in delight that "it was marvelous and sounded as if he had taken a lot of it right out of *NR*." A few minutes later a telegram came from another old *NR* friend, attacking the program as "greatest advance in domestic socialism. . . . Urge editorial denunciation of Administration sellout of GOP and its principles." Well, you pays your taxes and you takes your choice.

The President began from an unassailable premise: "The present welfare system has to be judged a colossal failure." That proposition will be adopted by unanimous vote.

It is a failure, in the first place, because it is an improvised, contradictory, administratively unworkable hodgepodge piled up over the years like refuse in a town dump. The Nixon program seeks, to begin with, to introduce some administrative consolidation, simplification, coordination.

The present system does immense harm by the general rule that excludes from welfare aid those families containing a male adult capable of working—i.e., a father. Thus the system acts inevitably to break up families, since only by getting out can the father put his wife and children on the welfare rolls.

The present system offends economics and common sense by penalizing work: any money made by family members on welfare is deducted in its entirety from the welfare payments. So there's no incentive to take part-time or relatively low-paying jobs.

The present system operates to push the poor from rural regions, especially in the South, where welfare payments are exceedingly low, into the urban centers with much higher benefits, and has in this way been an important factor producing our present urban crisis.

Liberals and conservatives alike will agree that these

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are the great flaws in the present system. The specific intent of the Nixon program is to meet and correct these flaws; as to that intent there can surely be no dispute.

The disparity in welfare payments would be lessened by putting a federally subsidized floor under them, at the level of $1,600 a year for a family of four. The "no capable adult" rule would be abolished as a condition of aid. Getting a job would be encouraged instead of braked by the program's economics: a working father or mother would keep pay up to $60 a month without losing any welfare benefits, and (in an adaptation of the Friedman "negative income tax" principle) half of the pay received above that up to the level that would shift the family altogether off the welfare rolls. A subsidy of $30 a month would be paid to a family member on job training. To complete the logic of this approach to the welfare problem, a father or a mother with no pre-school children would be required to accept a suitable job or job training.

In the abstract these proposals, in which the brain and hand of Presidential Assistant Daniel P. Moynihan are obviously influential, are relevant and persuasive—though a conservative will be saddened by the degree of federalization envisaged for what he would wish could be, even if he knows it no longer can be, a primarily local problem. But their abstract attractiveness is not enough to decide what would happen to them in administrative practice.

As in the case of the Pentagon weapons systems, no one will be so naïve as to doubt that the annual cost, even at the start, would be lots higher than the President's $4-billion estimate.

If you begin with a national floor of $1,600 per year, everyone knows the kind of pressure there would be to lift it step by step; these pressures began, in fact, the morning after the President's talk.

It's all well and good to have a requirement that adults on welfare must accept suitable jobs. But what kind of job will the administrators deem "suitable"? Will they enforce the requirement if adult X feels more like drinking beer before the TV screen than working? And what of those mothers that seem eternally able, husband or no, to go on having pre-school-age children?

The assumption of a welfare system of this proposed kind, with its guaranteed-income, negative-income-tax features, is that it will replace all or almost all existing and overlapping welfare, antipoverty, unemployment, relief, etc. programs. Otherwise it is just one more handout piled on all the rest. But is it likely that this would really happen? Will the states, the welfare unions, the welfare bureaucrats and empire-builders who have their fingers in so many juicy welfare pies, permit such reduction and simplification?

Doesn't a federalized system of this kind tend to consolidate and make permanent a special poverty class or underclass that could develop into a political monster.

These are among the questions that need to be thoroughly and, one hopes, responsibly discussed and pondered in the massive public and congressional debate sure to come over this sweeping program that is undoubtedly the major domestic proposal of the first Nixon Administration. In that debate *NR* will join actively and often.

A Lull Is a Lull Is a High Point

Technologically backward armies can fight furiously and effectively, but not continuously over an extended period. Even the 1944-45 Soviet offensives against a battered Wehrmacht demonstrated this. The Red Army would push ahead with terrific force, then bog down for weeks to resupply. Continuous offensive activity requires a logistical support system of great sophistication. Therefore it is not surprising that Communist offensives in Vietnam, like those in the Korean War, are in the nature of spasms.

Since we have had an eight-week lull, the natural assumption would be that we should soon have a spasm. During the "lull" men are moved into position, rice and rockets are stock-piled. And the spasm seems to be imminent. Captured enemy documents schedule it for the later part of August, and even specify the targets. Last week the Communists warmed up by attacking more than a hundred towns and cities with rockets, mortars and infantry charges. Saigon, Danang and Hué were hit, as well as every important U.S. military headquarters. Hospitals and schools were not spared.

Washington (along with the liberal press) very much desires to interpret the eight-week "lull" as a signal from Hanoi that it is interested in something short of American capitulation, and so battlefield events impose tremendous strains upon official rhetoric. As the rockets fell on August 12, Secretary Rogers insisted that the "lull" was still with us; and the military had gotten the word: "It's at least a high point," said a spokesman for the U.S. command in Saigon. "We're not characterizing it at all just now. It's too early to say it's an offensive or just a high point."

If this vocabulary got established, historians would have to write of the Tet Lull and of the great Prussian High Point at Sedan.

Beyond the Moon

Critics of the space program are jumping all over Vice President Agnew and others who have urged a go-ahead for ambitious space ventures in the Seventies and Eighties. The attacks take a familiar line: We cannot afford more space extravaganzas while there are pressing needs to be met here on earth.

But NASA's plans for the next two decades—contingent, of course, on the necessary funding—are much less extravagant than they are awe-inspiring. They fall, as *Aviation Week & Space Technology* has pointed out, "into four major categories:

"Earth orbital space stations of large, eighty- to one

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hundred-man capacity . . . supplied by maneuverable, reusable space shuttles.

"Lunar exploration and establishment of permanent scientific bases on the moon.

"Manned exploration of Mars with a 1981 launch target date for a 24-month mission by two six-man crews in tandem spacecraft using nuclear power. . . .

"Unmanned exploration of the far planets in the solar system. . . ."

Thomas O. Paine, NASA administrator, has assured President Nixon that all these plans are feasible if the government will commit annually 0.5 to 1 per cent of the Gross National Product. This spending rate is no higher than the rate for the Sixties. NASA's budget reached a record high of 0.9 percent of the GNP in 1966 and is now hovering just below 0.5 per cent.

With the frontier of space and its unlimited potential ahead made suddenly accessible by Apollo 11, it is hard to believe the nation will permit the liberal wailers to force it back into its earth-bound shell.

So You Won't Talk, Eh?

The big gaps in Teddy Kennedy's "explanation" of what happened that night on Chappaquiddick continue to be filled by rumor and, naturally, by speculation. Various scenarios are circulating, such as the one pieced together by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, which has Teddy concocting a plan to have his factotum Joseph Gargan take the rap, a plan abandoned by Teddy, Markham and Gargan the next morning. Another scenario, outlined by Francis Russell in this issue, has Teddy taking Rosemary Keough to the beach, unaware of a sleeping Mary Jo in the back seat of the car.

Whatever their provenance these scenarios at least represent "working hypotheses"—there being something in the human mind that refuses to accept a sequence of events as, finally, unintelligible: which is what, in effect, Senator Kennedy asked his TV audience to do. The continuing refusal of those who were at the cottage to say anything at all about the evening's events serves to generate further skepticism. If Teddy's explanation is true, what motive would exist for the silence? If the guests could confirm his story, and fill in its gaps, why should they refuse to do so?

As might have been expected, the European press is having a field day—according the case the same sort of intense examination earlier given the Oswald affair. No doubt we shall soon have the Chappaquiddick equivalents of the Grassy Knoll theorists, the two-three-and-four bullet men and the double-Oswald sleuths. Perhaps we shall even have a book from Mark Lane. Yet amid all the speculation, some interesting thoughts turn up. The leading French newsweekly *L'Express*, for example, attributes the outpouring of sympathy for Teddy to the larger social phenomenon of increasing permissiveness, a *"nouvelle tolérance"* which is replacing the older demand for strict accountability. *L'Express* has also turned up this gem: "The parents of Mary Jo Kopechne have refused to take further action. Her father explains: 'The Senator has telephoned me twice since the accident and each time he sobbed so hard that I couldn't understand what he said. You can understand how moving this was.' The mother was more detailed. 'We received,' she said, 'a visit from two priests [let's hope they weren't Fathers Gargan and Markham] who have assured us that Mary Jo is in heaven and should not be disturbed. We have followed their advice.' " *L'Express* comments: "This extraordinary ecclesiastical intervention suggests that Edward Kennedy, to get himself out of this miserable business, is not relying solely on the sympathy he can arouse."

The Cruelest Blow

Gov. Ronald Reagan called today for the Federal Government to make President Nixon's birthplace in the Orange County community of Yorba Linda a national historic site. —New York Times

Anoint the Harding house, or pour
  Libations over Hoover's home.
Let's all collectively adore
  Cal Coolidge in his catacomb.
Praise Taft, for heaven's sake, or say
  A prayer at Bill McKinley's shrine.
But don't ask liberals to lay
  A wreath at Nixon's. No. *Non. Nein!*

W. H. VON DREELE

The Dartmouth College Case

At Dartmouth College, the price of moral indignation has risen sharply. Since the original outbreaks at Berkeley, we have seen the student radicals steadily escalate their tactics, acting on the apparently sound principle that, whatever they did, faculties and administrators would dither, and no punishment would be forthcoming. Why not disrupt a class, occupy a building, push deans around, terrorize faculty members, toss a fire-bomb? Why not, indeed?

But at Dartmouth, when, on May 6, with the usual routinized hoopla the radicals occupied the administration building, it was all suddenly different. The college administration had secured an injunction; the radicals were extruded by the state police with such tender solicitude that they might be supposed to have been made of blown glass; and then, instead of being slapped on the wrist, they received a fascistic thirty days in the jug for being in contempt of court. Nationally, a palpable tremor went through the campus Left. Thirty days!

As it happens, two assistant professors accompanied the Building Liberation Forces, though they skipped out before the fuzz arrived. Now, after lengthy hearings

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before a faculty committee, at which they were represented by William Kunstler, a veritable Clarence Darrow of Left-civil-liberties cases, the two assistant professors have been suspended for two years, and have been deprived of "all rights and privileges of membership on the Dartmouth faculty." Such suspension is a severe sanction, though certainly justified; and, if, from one standpoint, less severe than outright dismissal, it has its interesting aspects. It might be a legally acceptable way of dealing with the trickier cases of faculty violators who have tenure.

Cooling It

If the weather holds, Moonyear, 1969, may be remembered also for its long, cool summer. It has not been entirely cold these months—riots have flared in small cities across the nation. But there has been no Watts, no Newark, no Detroit. And why not?

—Police, armed with knowledge gained from past mistakes, are better able to stop riots before they start.

—Summer poverty programs are doing the job they were designed to do, buying off potential riot leaders.

—Extremist black groups have changed tactics, from encouraging melees to directing selective assassinations of cops.

—The black community has learned that riots are counterproductive.

—Rebellion generally has shifted from the streets to the campuses, most of which are depopulated for the summer.

Any or all of these factors may have contributed to the climate. But the coolness, however brought about, contradicts the hypothesis that riots are inevitable eruptions of frustrations created by poverty and "white racism." The Kerner Commission's "root causes" are still with us, but the long, hot summer is not.

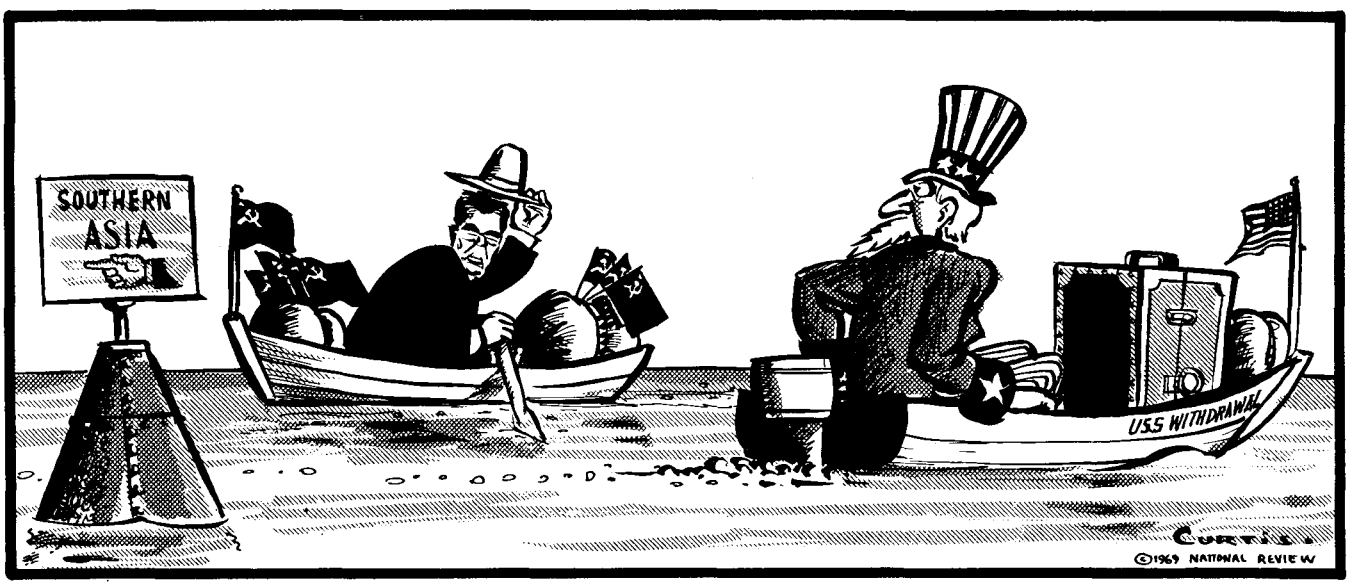
Of course the campus disorders are another case entirely. They will continue until President Nixon liquidates the Vietnam war, which has created frustrations which inevitably erupt in violence and . . . Take it from there, Commissioners.

France Sobering Up

Charles de Gaulle's basic fault as political leader was to confuse rhetoric with reality. He seemed to believe that the grandeur of his words was sufficient guarantee of the grandeur of France, and that a France "of grandeur" could perform any task he set for her, from matching the big boys in nuclear arms to contradicting the laws of economics. Pursuant to the latter, he convinced himself that the French franc could be ordered to maintain its value when its economic foundation had crumbled from the blows of the 1968 May Days and their consequences. Only last December he dismissed the idea of devaluing the franc as idiocy.

Georges Pompidou is a Gaullist by political training and no doubt, within limits, by conviction. But he is not de Gaulle. He has the shrewd, tough realism that often issues out of the French provinces, and he learned his finances from the Rothschilds. He undoubtedly realized when he took office in June that he was going to have to bring the franc in line with the facts, and the sooner the better. He went about it more adroitly than is customary in these matters, choosing a moment of quiet on the monetary and social front instead of being forced to act in the usual climax of acute monetary crisis. By early indications his shrewdness has been rewarded by the relatively minor perturbations that have—so far at any rate—been shaking the local and international monetary systems.

This franc devaluation will not, certainly, be the last major monetary change. Monetary relations are no more static than any other economic relations. So long as we retain an international system of agreed monetary ratios



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fixed within narrow limits of permissible variation, changes must come in the discontinuous quantum jumps of "devaluation" and "revaluation," with the inevitable accompaniment of at least considerable and often massive international repercussions. This is the way things will continue to be for some years at least, until the behind-the-scenes struggle is settled between those who want to return to some form of the fading gold standard and those who are ready to take the risk of cutting all monies entirely clear of gold, to let them find their own values in the daily bargaining of the marketplace.

Smoke On the Air

Even apart from the general and powerful arguments against censorship of any kind, a national ban on cigarette commercials would be a bad idea. Despite the hopes of its promoters, it will probably increase the total intake of those toxic elements in cigarette smoke which, according to the Surgeon General, bring on lung cancer, heart disease and premature death.

To assume that a ban on cigarette advertising will cut sales is to assume that advertising increased cigarette sales in the first place. While this is a good rule of thumb where most products are concerned, it probably doesn't hold for cigarettes. Cigarettes have two peculiar characteristics: they are unsatisfying to the nonconsumer and addicting to the consumer. Because of these characteristics, commercials probably do little to attract and retain a smoking clientele.

No one who tries smoking is immediately gratified. Despite what the people on television say, nobody's first cigarette tastes good, like a cigarette should, and nobody who has just smoked his first would consider walking a mile for his second. Nonsmokers, to take up smoking, must succumb to stronger pressures. One *NR* staff member started because her friends smoked—probably the most common inducement. Another started because his father told him not to. Peer group conformity or filial rebellion may be sufficient stimuli to overcome the agony of that first pack or so, but commercials probably are not. Consequently, banning commercials will not eliminate an incentive to take up smoking, and, therefore, there won't be fewer people starting just because there is a ban.

Smokers, like nonsmokers, are more or less oblivious to the impact of cigarette commercials as a whole. Smokers are hooked, and their addiction to cigarettes is what keeps them smoking, not broadcast promotions. Consequently, banning commercials will not eliminate an incentive to continue smoking, and, therefore, there won't be more people quitting just because there is a ban.

Despite the assumptions of those who want to ban commercials, cigarette advertising has not significantly increased total sales. It has only determined what portion of the over-all market each brand is able to command. In recent years, the most important trend in the industry has been toward the development, marketing and consumption of less dangerous brands—the white-smocked lab technician points to his clipboard and tells the audience that Brand A is low in tar and nicotine. Television advertising has greatly accelerated this trend because fear, like other emotions, is most successfully projected by nonlinear media. A ban on commercials will retard the trend and maybe stop it, stabilizing present smoking patterns. The company that might have wished to develop a safer cigarette (and many have seen the economic advantage—remember the excitement over the Strickman filter?) will now be discouraged from doing so because the most effective—and rewarding—means of promoting it will have been taken away.

This last is sure to happen. Exactly what effect a ban will have on the total number of cigarettes smoked is a matter for speculation, though the evidence available supports the hypothesis that a ban will not reduce consumption. Britain outlawed broadcast advertisements in 1965. In 1966, cigarette sales actually rose 5 per cent over the level of the year before. In 1967, the government banned advertisements from newspapers and magazines. Consumption rose again. From 1965 through 1968, consumption of cigarettes in Britain rose 8.75 per cent while the population increased by only 1.5 per cent.

When a ban on commercials in the United States fails (as it almost surely will) to produce the results expected by its promoters, step two will probably be a ban on printed advertisements. When that achieves the same unfortunate results, what then will the regulators do? The tobacco industry fears they may try to ban cigarettes altogether, but such a ban (shades of the Eighteenth Amendment!) would be hugely unenforceable. American smokers know now that cigarettes are not good for them, but still, with a few exceptions, they have not quit. How many would give up the habit if the government declared smoking illegal?

The best way to avoid step three is not to take step one. Federal Communications Commission and Congress please note.

Let 'er Rip!

Emergency Gutter Patrol leaflet report #12, "Issued by the Unity Caucus," SSEU-371 (Social Security Exacerbates Unemployment? Secret Service Employees Union? Plain ol' hogcalling?), "not printed at Union expense," oh!—"GOOD SOCIAL WORKERS ARE NOT 'GOOD GERMANS,'" eh? Ahhh!: "The welfare cuts are no small thing. . . . The big-shots brag that they are saving at least $100 million with these cuts" and since this is going to be taken away from blacks and Puerto Ricans who earned it by being on welfare, and let him without alms cast the first aspersions, "this amounts to a devastating *economic* attack" on blacks and Puerto Ricans, and it's enough to make a body break out in italics, but that's

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not all, "the singling out of this group as a scapegoat for society's ills," not in the SSEU mind you, "the discrimination against this group in employment and housing," just because they don't get enough welfare to get undiscriminating e & h, "all this and more constitutes a *political* attack upon this community," and having gotten stuck on this metaphor, we have to add that "to do all this is to cynically (split infinitives?) and deliberately (de liberated, dey ain't what dey usta be) provoke (thought we'd never resolve that verb, eh?) the community," and hell, what would anyone do if provoked?, "If the community protests, the fat cats will try to move in with tanks and guns" and maybe even armored suppositions, faster than you can say *pre-emptive boondoggle*, "—a *military* attack on the community." "WE, AS CASEWORKERS AND SUPERVISORS, ARE TOLD TO GO ALONG WITH THIS UNSPEAKABLE PROCESS," right on! "However, not to fight this program" unto the last city-owned typewriter "is madness. We must not end up as many 'good Germans'—who were also civil servants"—not to mention bad nonsequiturs—"by shoving bodies into gas ovens. The kind of thinking that says 'It's the law and we have to do whatever they tell us,' " unlike clear thinking about welfare cuts and gas ovens, "can lead to just that. It *did* happen, it's no joke, nor is it too far fetched," not to us Supervisors anyway and maybe even the Caseworkers, and everybody should take a summer course in assistant Social Service. We're Working on a Case right now.

Charles Edison, R I P

The role of son to a distinguished father has always been difficult in our swiftly changing society, but Charles Edison proved in his personal, business and public life how well a man of integrity can play it. After several post-college years in the eager literary world of pre-drug Greenwich Village, he went to work for the organization formed to produce and market the products of his father's inventive genius, became its chief executive and built it into a powerful, progressive and prosperous enterprise. His sense of duty pushed him into a bid for public office in his native state of New Jersey. In 1940 he won the governorship on the Democratic ticket to everyone's surprise, not least to the surprise of New Jersey boss Frank Hague, who had supported him protestingly and now found on his neck a vigorous reformer resolved to attack the corruption in Hague's satrapy, Hudson County. Edison was still something of a New Dealer in those days, and had held a variety of posts under Franklin Roosevelt, ending as Secretary of the Navy in the stormy year of the destroyer swap.

But he had learned from the New Deal as well as served it; soon after his term as governor, he returned to the Republican Party in which his father had raised him. In 1963 he proved that his political education had been completed, by joining New York's young Conservative Party. Charles Edison was unfailingly generous with his time, his energy and his money. The list of charities and good works he helped is amazingly broad and long. Conservatives and anti-Communists know how loyally and steadily he supported the many causes in which he shared their beliefs, and how straightforward and courageous he was in standing up in public for his beliefs, however out of fashion in the given phase of the opinion cycle. We at NATIONAL REVIEW knew Charles Edison; we were happy to be among his friends and honored to have been on a good many occasions among his associates. We are among the many thousands whose sorrow at the death of this good man and good citizen will be tempered by warm memories of his life.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley. In this writing—that I bring to your attention—I introduce myself to my readers saying: I am the Second Coming of Jesus of Nazareth.

When I addressed a group at Times Square on August 6 proposing a new way to end war—I introduced myself to them also in the same way.

Now a person of your intelligence, your erudition, and refusal to accept surface appearance—your refusal to be mentally flim-flammed or deceived—your desire to search for the truth—should obtain great satisfaction in proving that an individual making such a claim is in fact an impostor—if that be the case.

Or—if despite the odds against it of billions to one—if I am—in truth—who I say I am—and I repeat again: I am the second coming of Jesus of Nazareth—

What more fantastic guest could you have on your program.

You stand to win—either way.

Norman Bloom
New York City

Dear Mr. Bloom: Beware. I am the second coming of Pontius Pilate.—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: The *New York Times Book Review* for August 3, 1969, p. 39 carries in its Q & A section the following inquiry: "C.S. asks if anyone can tell her who wrote the poem that contains these lines: 'And where is the band who so vauntingly swore/mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion/a home and a country they'd leave us no more?/Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps pollution/No refuge could save the hireling and slave/from the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave."

This horror, in its quiet fashion, eclipses many that

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are superficially more impressive. Here we have the country's newspaper of record admitting publicly, before all Americans, that it cannot identify the first six (of eight) lines of the third verse of the national anthem. I am somewhat grateful that all my lower-grade teachers have been mercifully Carried Forward. If not immediately stricken with apoplexy, they would in calmer mood have pointed out that the lines are identifiable by scansion alone, even by those who know only the first verse.

Can C.S. really be Conservative Sentinel, bent on exposing the *Times*' ignorance of basic American popular doctrine? Or is C.S. Communist Sympathizer, publicizing this documented demonstration that the U.S. harbors, illogically, nasty feelings toward innocent, well-meaning aggressive powers? Or can C.S. be Cantorum Schola, raising her perennial howl that the words to our national anthem are not learnable? Or, finally, Cryptic Savant, subtly implying that these are beautiful lines deserving of song?

There is much cunning in this query, anyway. If C.S. had given the last two lines, it would have been a dead giveaway. They are: "And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave/O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

David Severn
51 West Hudson Avenue
Englewood, N.J.

You don't suppose it was a put-on by the Times?*—WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: You have made inquiry about our policy regarding the receipt by our inmates of books or periodicals when "they have requested them."

We permit inmates to subscribe to magazines or newspapers, and to buy books directly from the vendor. Such right to purchase is restricted only to the extent that the writing must not promote racial superiority or incite to violence. However, this right does not extend to receipt of periodicals, books or clippings from other than vendors. Any mail received from other than an approved correspondent is returned, provided return addresses are furnished.

Magazine or newspaper subscriptions may be furnished by any approved correspondent.

We would be delighted, of course, to receive several complimentary copies of the NATIONAL REVIEW for inclusion in our library.

L. S. Nelson
Warden
California State Prison
San Quentin, Cal.

■ It has been a good season for *NR*'s cartoonists and artists. Thomas P. Curtis has been hired by the *Milwaukee Sentinel* as a regular (though not, we are glad to report, exclusive) cartoonist. Malcolm Hancock is selling to *Playboy*. Mary Gauerke has published in *Look* and the *New York Times Book Review*, and is being nationally syndicated. . . . Joseph Papin is drawing for the *New York Daily News*. . . . David Annesley of Toronto has just won a year's fellowship. Nice going.

■ And on an unpleasant note: I have, after consulting with friends and directors of NATIONAL REVIEW filed suit against *Esquire* Magazine and Olympia Press Inc. of New York for libel and defamation of character. (*Esquire* reproduced the libel in a book published by Olympia.) The issue arose last summer when, on a television network, the author Gore Vidal defamed me and NATIONAL REVIEW. Last June, I filed suit against Vidal, charging that he was waging a campaign of vilification. That campaign continues and is expanded in the current issue of *Esquire*. The suit, to be conducted by Mr. Charles Rembar, is for one million dollars.

—WFB

■ *As we went to press, the following letter was received from an executive officer of Olympia Press, Inc.*

Dear Mr. Buckley:

The undersigned, who is executive officer of the Traveller's Companion, Inc., and of Ophelia Press, Inc., is writing on behalf of these corporations and any and all of their officers, directors and executives.

We acknowledge that Traveller's Companion, Inc. and Ophelia Press, Inc. have published defamatory statements concerning you in a book published by these corporations written by Angelo d'Arcangelo and bearing copyright notices dated 1968 (Traveller's Companion edition) and 1968 and 1969 (Ophelia Press edition).

This letter will confirm that these libelous statements against you were published without any investigation having been made and without any supporting evidence whatsoever.

We sincerely regret the damage we have done, and agree to remove all reference to you in all reprintings (if any) or further editions (if any) of the book or any part thereof. We also agree not to publish these libelous statements in any other book or in any other manner whatsoever. These agreements apply not only to the corporations named but also to any and all of their officers, directors and executives and to any and all persons, firms or corporations controlled by any of the foregoing.

Sincerely yours,
David E. Young
The Olympia Press, Inc.

Moonstruck

Crescent, harvest, half or full,
Gently exercising pull,
Someone's playing peekaboo:
Mr. Nixon's stuck on you.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE MORE IT CHANGES . . .

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The defection of Anatoly Kuznetsov is only the most spectacular in a currently ascending series of Soviet confrontations. We can now see that the series was launched with the trial of the writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky, who were sentenced in 1965 to five years at hard labor for having had works published outside the Soviet Union—an act, as it happens, not prohibited by Soviet law, though this did not deter the court from decreeing their punishment in hearings closed to press and public, but revealed in transcripts subsequently smuggled abroad.

During the next three years several dozen young students and writers who protested the Daniel-Sinyavsky trial by picketing and distributing leaflets in Moscow—so that their actions became known to the foreign press—were sentenced to varying terms in the camps. One can only guess how many more were shipped off without publicity.

In this same period the Crimean Tatars, exiled to central Asia during the war, have been seeking to return to their ancestral homeland. The police beat them up when they try to hold meetings, and arrest their delegations trying to submit petitions to the authorities. More than two hundred have been sentenced to long terms in the camps. The retired general Grigorenko, who had joined the students in several protests against closed trials, was arrested and jailed several months ago when he spoke up for the Tatars' right of petition.

From Potma to Vladimir

Last month the trial began in Tashkent of ten Tatar leaders arrested ten months earlier — and imprisoned ever since without trial, of course. Among them is the physicist, Rollan Kadiyev, internationally known for his work on the theory of relativity, another physicist (Izzer Khairov) who is a member of the Communist Party, and a teacher (Ismail Yazydzhiev) who was named a Hero of the Soviet Union for his role in the defense of Sevastopol.

Daniel and Sinyavsky were sent to the Potma labor—i.e., concentration—camp. With the help of his wife and friends, Daniel has managed to get out reports on the frightful conditions there —the abominable food, the lack of clothing and heat, the brutal labor setup, the classic concentration camp regime. News of the letter he wrote in June to the Presidium protesting these conditions (printed on page 852) got into the European press. As a consequence he and a fellow-prisoner, Valery Ronkin, a Leningrad engineer, were transferred to the prison at Vladimir, a dungeon whose fearful history stretches far back into Czarist times. At Vladimir prison diets descend in four categories: normal (for criminals), intensified, strict and special. Precedent indicates that Daniel and Ronkin will be on "special" until they reach the edge of death by starvation.

Among their fellow-prisoners at Potma was Anatoly Marchenko, a veteran of Vladimir. Marchenko is shortly to be tried anew, also for the major crime of revealing truths about life in the prison camps. But it will be impossible for the KGB to suppress all the record in Marchenko's case. A manuscript of his, detailing his camp and prison experiences, has got to England, where it will be published in September with the apt title, *My Testimony*. In this manuscript, written before his new indictment, Marchenko wrote:

"One can easily foresee that they might try to take revenge on me and turn their backs on the truth which I have told in these pages by an unproven accusation of 'slander.' Therefore I declare that I am ready to answer this charge at a public trial, inviting essential witnesses and in the presence of interested representatives of the public and the press.

"If, however, there is a new staging of a 'public trial' at which KGB agents hustle away citizens at the entrance to the court and replace the public with KGB men in civvies, at which correspondents of all foreign newspapers (including Communist ones) crowd frustratedly at the entrance and are unable to get any information—as was the case at the trials of Sinyavsky and Daniel, Khustov, Bukovsky and others —this will simply emphasize the truth of what I have written."

Kuznetsov, from his English refuge, sketched the over-all picture:

"The Soviet system remains firmly in power in Russia only thanks to an exceptionally powerful apparatus of oppression and primarily thanks to what has been called at various times the Cheka, the GPU, the NKVD, the MGB and KGB. In other words, the secret police, or the Soviet Gestapo.

"Everybody knows that the number of people murdered by the secret police runs into many millions. But when we come to reckon the number of people who are terrorized and deformed by them, then we have to include the whole population of the Soviet Union."

The Quintessential Model

We may summarize: Those who put faith in Soviet "thaws" are ignorant or self-deceiving. Though bureaucratic crystallization has permitted a decrease in the number of deaths, the Soviet Union continues to be what it has always been—the quintessential model of a terror-police state. But there is one profound change from Stalin's day. Many victims no longer participate—as nearly all did in the purge trials of the Thirties—in their own degradation. Far from confessing as good and repentant Communists for the sake of the cause, they now reaffirm their words and acts, defy the police terror, and sometimes find ways to tell the world what is happening.

This change signals Russia's and perhaps the world's best hope. □

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HOW SLANSKY WAS FRAMED

Stalin wanted no more so he ordered the party purged. This is the story of one man—an innocent man—caught in the net in Czechoslovakia because his background was just what the inquisitors had ordered

The Confession

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

THE GREAT MYSTERY of the Communist show trials was how men toughened in hard revolutionary combat could be brought to confess to crimes they hadn't committed. Now, at last, the Soviet techniques are described in precise, sickening detail by Arthur London in *L'Aveu* (*The Confession*) which has been a best seller in France since last December and is due to be published in the United States this year. London is one of the three survivors of the 1952 Slansky trial held in Prague and this is the first time that an important party member, a former high-ranking functionary of a People's Republic, who is still a Communist, has told such a story.

L'Aveu is an intensely human document, an account of one man's tragedy. Reading the book is like taking a conducted tour through all the circles of hell. Nevertheless, it's worth the agony, not merely for the light it sheds on Communist methods but principally for the insight London provides into the mentality of Communists and the dehumanization achieved by the party. He shows us what happens to men and women who live inside a system, as completely cut off from the outside world as though they were on an island, restricted in their friendships to other party members and in their reading to the party's literature and press.

On another level, *L'Aveu* is an open love letter to London's wife, Lise, an intelligent, spirited Frenchwoman of Spanish origin. They are a devoted couple and yet at the time of his conviction, she believed in his guilt and was so outraged that he could have betrayed the party and the Soviet Union that she was prepared to divorce him.

"In order to understand Lise's reaction and the reason for my confessing," he said to me, when I met him in Paris recently, "you have to understand the

deformation we underwent during our years of training as party activists. The deformation reached such a point that we turned Communism into a religion. A religion requires a god so we made a god of Stalin, the Soviet Union became our paradise and the party leaders were our saints. The party was above everything and it could do no wrong. The effort made last year in Czechoslovakia to humanize socialism was aimed at putting an end to this attitude that subverted socialism."

What he has to say about his deformation makes it obvious that people in the West were wrong when they guessed that the prisoners had been brainwashed to extort confessions from them: the brainwashing had been done much earlier by the party.

London was living in Moscow at the time of the Zinoviev and Kamenev trials, and though it did strike him as strange that Lenin's close collaborators should end in the prisoner's dock, he had learned not to ask questions. "Besides," he explained to me, "I followed the trials only through the party press and through the directives issued by the party organizations. Those of us who were idealists were intoxicated and we fought without realizing that we were being shot in the back."

When he said that, I remembered a remark by a British correspondent who was an old USSR hand in Moscow during the war. A newly arrived diplomat asked whether the purge trials of the Thirties hadn't been necessary to get rid of a fifth column. "Quite the contrary," the Englishman replied, "this is the only country in the world where the fifth column got rid of everybody else." After the war the fifth column also got rid of everybody else in the satellite countries.

Another Western theory is that the confessions had been obtained by means of drugs or some antitruth serum discovered by the Russians. London is convinced that he was not drugged and when one reads his account of the physical and mental tortures he endured, it becomes obvious that any drug would have been superfluous. He told me, "It wouldn't have suited their purposes to have had us sitting in the dock vacant-eyed and drooling. They wanted us to appear to be fully conscious of what we were saying."

London has what any objective observer would consider an impeccable Communist past. Born in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia, the son of a Jewish artisan who was a party member, he joined the Communist Youth in 1929 at the age of fourteen. After several arrests, he fled to the Soviet Union in 1934 to work in the Comintern. In Moscow, he met and married Lise Ricol, who was also a second-generation Communist. In 1936 he went to Spain as a volunteer in the Czech brigade, and after the fall of Catalonia he worked with the French Communist Party,

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fought in the Resistance, was arrested in 1942 and deported to Mauthausen. His wife was sent to Ravensbrueck. On their return to France in 1945, Lise became president of the Union of Frenchwomen, while he took over as political director of the MOI (*Main d'Oeuvre Immigrée*), the central section of the French Party in charge of immigrant workers. In 1947, tuberculosis, contracted at Mauthausen, took a turn for the worse and he had to go to Switzerland for treatment. As he couldn't afford the trip or the cure, the Czech Ministry of Culture, for which he was working as unpaid political editor of a magazine published in France, offered to put him on its payroll. It took three months for the formalities to be concluded, and during that time he accepted aid from the Unitarian Service in Geneva, headed by Noel Field.

Arrest and Torture

The following year, when his health improved, he was named Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He had occupied that position for two years when, on January 28, 1951, returning from a friend's house, his way was blocked by two cars. He was hauled out from behind the wheel by six armed men who handcuffed and blindfolded him, and drove him to the Ruzyn prison. At his first interrogation the next day, he was told, "We will use methods that will astonish you, but which will make you confess what we want you to confess."

The methods did astonish this veteran of a Nazi concentration camp. During the first two weeks he was fed twice and given two glasses of water. He slept only four hours and was forced to keep walking without stop in his cell. Whenever he fell to the ground exhausted, he was beaten, doused with cold water and dragged to his feet again. For one month, he wore handcuffs night and day, most of the time with his hands behind his back. The hands swelled into pulpy masses of flesh. When the manacles were finally removed, there was a new instrument of torture: shapeless felt slippers lined with cocoanut fiber that blistered his feet.

After the second week, the insane walking in his cell continued in the daytime but at night he was allowed to lie down on a pallet. As soon as he fell asleep, he was awakened and taken to an interrogation that lasted one or two hours. Then back to his cell to fall asleep and once more be awakened for another interrogation. That went on throughout the night. One interrogation, however, lasted three days and three nights, with no interruption, the inquisitors taking him on in relays. There were also humiliations: his pan of food was placed on the floor with no spoon so that he had to get down on all fours and lap up the prison soup like an animal; when he went to the toilet, a guard stood over him with a gun and impassively watched him struggle to pull his trousers down and up with manacled hands.

The worse torture of all—something even the Nazis never thought of—was lack of sleep. There were times when he nearly confessed in order to be allowed to sleep. Nevertheless, he held out for six months and then it was the realization that the party had actually ordered his arrest, rather than his physical exhaustion, that brought him to the point of confessing to crimes he could never have committed. He explained to me: "Owing to my deformation, I came to think that if the party accused me, I must be guilty." The guilt complex generated by the inquisitors was such that innocent men whom he met later in the state prison really believed in their guilt and complained only that the sentences imposed upon them had been too harsh.

During the first months, he kept asking himself, "Why am I here?" and he couldn't find an answer. Eventually he did: The Soviet Union needed a show trial. After Tito's break with Moscow, the Russians had to tighten the screws in all the satellite countries to discourage others from following Tito's example. Laszlo Rajk, the former secretary general of the Hungarian party, "confessed" that he had been head of an enemy network and said that similar networks existed in other People's Republics. When the same confessions were repeated at the Kostov trial in Bulgaria, pressure was brought to bear on President Klement Gottwald to call in Soviet experts to rout out spies in Czechoslovakia. The order was given to pull in groups of men who occupied positions that corresponded to the purposes of each trial. Then inquisitors, like demented tailors cutting clients to fit the suits they want to sell, set about making the accused fit the charges.

The Soviet inquisitors looked for certain categories and London had the bad luck to belong to all of them: veterans of the International Brigades because so many of them surrounded Tito; men who had lived abroad a long time and could be more or less legitimately accused of having been in close contact with Westerners; men who had worked with the Communist parties in the West which the Soviet Union distrusted; old party members whose idealism represented a threat to the Soviet perversion of the system; Jews. It was not sheer coincidence that eleven of the fourteen accused in the Slansky trial were of Jewish origin. One of London's first interrogators took him by the throat and shouted, "You and your dirty race, we will know how to annihilate you! . . . What Hitler didn't finish, we will!"

The defendants were to represent a cross-section of the principal government and party bureaus and London was originally slated to serve as the Foreign Office man. In the course of the investigation, a bigger fish was caught, Vladimir Clementis, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and London was demoted. That saved his life for, in order to give some semblance of legality to the trial, three minor figures were sentenced to life imprisonment instead of death.

The Confession

Sixteen months elapsed between the time London began to confess and the trial, which took place at the end of November 1952. In the end there were thirteen counts against him, including work for the CIA, the FBI and the *Deuxième Bureau*, collaboration with Field as a spy, Trotskyite activities in Spain, the leadership of a Trotskyite conspiracy in Czechoslovakia, responsibility for the deaths of hundreds of Jews in France during the war and collaboration with the Gestapo at Mauthausen. He was also prevailed upon to describe himself as a member of a bourgeois family. This last struck him as so absurd that he felt sure it would make his friends and family realize that the whole confession was a tissue of lies—he overlooked the fact that even though he hadn't been deformed to the point of losing his sense of the ridiculous, the others had.

He also retained some sense of logic and the surrealist dialogue during the questionings made him think he was going mad:

"You knew [Noel] Field?"

"Yes."

"You had dealings with him?"

"Yes."

"What are dealings with a spy called? They are espionage dealings. Isn't that so? A person who has espionage dealings with a spy is himself a spy. Why

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be afraid of words? The man who makes bread is a baker."

An inquisitor told him: "We must look at things and activities of the past in the light of today's events, not by placing them within the context of that older period. In our reports, we have to estimate every act, every deed objectively. Later, we'll estimate the subjective side." That meant that, once London had agreed to objective guilt, he was pushed to admit to subjective guilt.

The Czech inquisitors, for whom the German word *referent* (expert adviser) was used, did all the questioning but they were directed by the Soviet advisers. At first, there were relays of them, then each prisoner was assigned one referent to prepare him for the trial. The referents competed with one another to produce the most monstrous exhibit. During the trial itself, they behaved like handlers at a dog show, anxious that their charges should put on a good performance.

London's confession filled 48 pages; he spent six weeks memorizing and rehearsing it. All the confessions were registered on tape and a system of signals was worked out so that a referent could alert the judge the moment a prisoner deviated from the text and have the microphones turned off and the hearing interrupted. That explains why nobody at these trials tried to shout his innocence.

Rudolph Slansky, who had been secretary general of the Czechoslovakian Party, and ten others were hanged. Their ashes, in a potato sack, were carried in the same car that bore the three surviving prisoners to another jail outside of Prague. On the way, the car skidded and, to get traction for the wheels, a guard scattered the contents of the potato sack over the icy road.

As soon as London made up his mind to "confess," he wrote to tell Lise that he was guilty of many crimes and urged her to return to France with the three children and her parents. One of the pressures used on him had been the threat to arrest his wife. She was probably spared only because her brother-in-law, Raymond Guyot, happened to be a highly placed member of the French party. However, she was expelled from the Czech party, lost her position as a French commentator on the radio and had to go to work in a factory. Her daughter Françoise wasn't permitted to continue her studies beyond grammar school: the authorities suggested that she undertake a course in chimney sweeping. The child went out on her own and found a factory job.

Final Vindication

When Lise heard the verdict she accepted it at face value. She behaved as she felt a good party member should: resolutely smothering all feelings of love and pity, she disavowed her husband in an open letter addressed to the party and instituted divorce proceedings. Then, she wrote London that she didn't believe it would be right for him to see the children at a visit scheduled to take place soon after the trial—the first since his arrest. The picture that he draws of himself sitting with that letter in hand, tears streaming down his face, is one of the most tragic in the book.

Strangely enough, a referent felt compassion for him and Lise was ordered to visit him with the three children. By then, what we effete imperialists would call her better feelings had asserted themselves, and she was beginning to doubt his guilt. She instructed the children to distract the guard by jumping around and making a lot of noise so that she and London could talk without being overheard. The stratagem worked and he was able to tell her that he was innocent. She believed him instantly and from that moment on, worked with tenacity and courage to get him out of prison. In the course of subsequent visits, he slipped her an account of his ordeal, concealed in two packages of cigarette papers. The handwriting was so tiny that when the message was transcribed from seven half-pages, it covered sixty typewritten ones. She took the report to France and showed it to members of the French party and left it there when she returned to Prague, as an ace in the hole in her battle against the Czech authorities.

Stalin's death in 1953 brought many changes in the Communist world and, by 1954, the rehabilitations had begun in Eastern Europe. The investigators dragged their feet as long as they could but after the rehabilitation of Noel Field, the main accusation against London fell apart and Lise, with the aid of the French party, saw to it that action was taken. The investigators still tried to weasel out by pretending to be shocked that London should have made an untrue confession and, for a moment, it looked as though he might have to stand trial for perjury!

On February 2, 1956, London was released and, shortly afterwards, rehabilitated, but it wasn't until 1968 that the others were cleared.

In 1963 London moved to France for reasons of health. He waited another five years to write his book because it was only when liberalization began in Czechoslovakia that there was any chance of having it published there. "If I had written it earlier," he told me,

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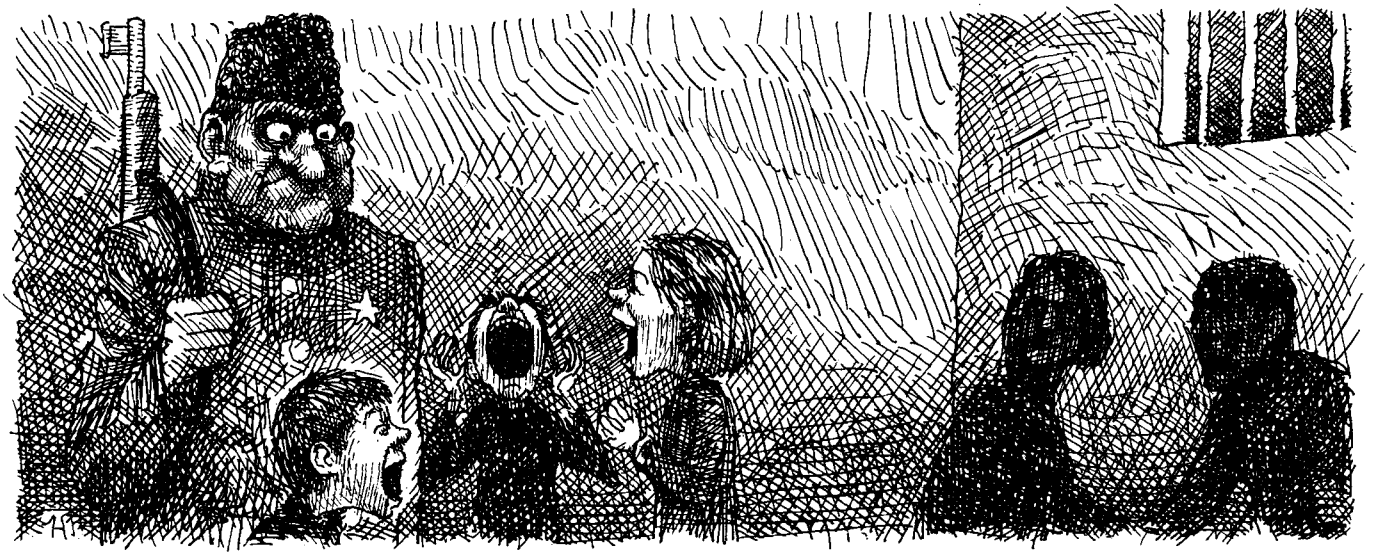

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LETTER FROM PRAGUE

It was many years before the ballerina, a Czech political refugee, dared visit her home. And then it was too late, after the Soviet tanks had rolled in again. She tells you how a country feels when hope is dead

A Look Homeward

RITA GORMLEY

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL day and dogwood tumbles out of wayside woods in snowy drifts. Car windows are open, a red Mustang zips from beneath a chartreuse willow and the music lilts new and young. Springtime in America and it's hard to believe in suffering.

No one seems more unconscious of it than the attractive teacher whom we now meet coaxing her fledgling ballerinas, "One and two and three and four. Cross your arms, angels. Bourée—head up, head up." Yet she can only be introduced as "Terezia" because she still has family in Czechoslovakia.

Her movements are instinctively graceful as befits a ballerina who has enjoyed the bravos of two continents. There's no trace of the refugee who grubbed onions and beets in backyards by night to stay alive—no trace except that it all took strength.

Terezia has just returned from her first visit to her homeland since she swam the Moravia River to freedom 21 years ago. Though granted amnesty, "it took me all this time to gather my courage to go back." She laughs, "I thought the Russians would be too busy with the Chinese to bother about me."

It was her father and her family she went to see. "My sister has a nice house. I mean it could be nice. I said to her, 'If I had this house, I would plant flowers here and I would grow them there. I would make it bloom. It would stand out from all the rest.' My sister looked at me as if I were crazy and said, 'What for?' "

So there is no elation this spring in Czechoslovakia. "It's so quiet in the streets. So quiet. No one speaks in the street." They walk with leaden feet in shoes it took a month to earn and they meet no one's eyes. "Here it's so different. Everyone has someone to see, some place to go, a thing they must do. Hurry, hurry, hurry." But to the people who walk the streets of Prague and Bratislava, time means nothing. It takes ten years to pave a road. "Why rush the road—so the Russian tanks can roll through faster?" And, "If the farmers don't plant seeds today, there is always tomorrow or next week. They don't care. They don't even care if you steal from them. Everyone steals. Why not? They steal from the Communists only what the Communists have stolen from them. Russia's needs come first. They ship our food to Moscow because their farmers don't care either. So what happens? Czechoslovakia stands in line for food. I have a friend, a ballerina with the Slovak National Ballet Company—she is one of their best and when she finishes rehearsal she must stand in line for two hours to buy the ingredients for her supper. Unheard of here. Even the people who sweep the theater floor don't put up with that."

Persistent Spring

Terezia flexes her slippered feet. "We used to have such culture in our country. On Sundays there was music in the cafés. Our theaters were overflowing. The ballet, concerts, folk dancing—they all flourished. Now there is nothing. I went to the National Theater in Bratislava one evening. It seats about two thousand. There were perhaps fifty people at the ballet that night. "And no wonder!" She gestures impatiently. "I was embarrassed they were so poor. The ballet mistress, the choreographer—they have their positions because they're Communist Party members. That is our culture now." With a boorish presumption even a czar wouldn't have assumed, the party has "improved" Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" to include propaganda. The new ballets have Communist themes. "It's such a shame even the ballet must be politicalized, but politics is in everything."

In their homes when the doors are closed and when no strangers are in their midst, that's the only subject for discussion—"Politics. Nothing else is important." They despise the Russians. "The average Russian soldier was surprised to find the hatred. They were told they were coming to save us from the imperialist aggressors. But there was no war. Only silence and hatred."

An attempt was made by party leaders to integrate the Czech and Soviet armies, quartering them in the same barracks. In three days the order was canceled. "I don't know why. Maybe all the Russians weren't getting up in the morning. Or maybe they were finding out too many truths from the Czech soldiers."

During the invasion it was forbidden to listen to the radio. The Soviets wanted the people as ignorant of the events as possible. "The students quickly made little boxes and painted them like transistor radios. Then they put them by their ears and bopped along the streets—you know, like teen-agers do to that crazy music. A Russian soldier would grab the box and shake it and poke it, and finally, still not believing it was not a radio, he would shoot it to pieces."

Everyone fully expected Alexander Dubcek to suffer the fate of Hungary's Imre Nagy. "They were right." Only the Russians are more sophisticated now. "Everyone's talking about it. They say that when Dubcek was taken to Moscow they X-rayed him and X-rayed him until his insides were destroyed. He is a dying man. When he returned to Prague they had to give him a spinal injection so he could stand and make a speech. When the newsmen noticed how sick he looked, he told them he just didn't feel well. But everyone knows

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the story. It's all over the country. No, it's not printed. They couldn't print that. But all the people say, 'You will see. Dubcek will die of cancer.' " But Dubcek himself will never point the accusing finger at his assassins and give credence to the rumor because he knows the measure of his people's anger and he doesn't want them butchered at the rate of a thousand a day, as happened in Budapest.

"The Russians will never voluntarily let us go. Not us and not East Germany. They need our brains and our craftsmen. They slaughtered their own intelligentsia. Look at the Russian leaders—ignorant thugs! They don't even know how to act or speak politely. Brutes with guns to bring us the better life!"

But spring is persistent. Even if it comes quietly, inevitably it comes. And there are flowers to be found in Czechoslovakia. Fresh ones arrive mysteriously, anonymously, every day in little bouquets and defiant mounds in front of a post office in Bratislava where there is the blood of a young girl stained into the stone. "I saw the place." In a moment of youthful arrogance and frustrated rage, the girl shouted her protest at the invading Russian Army and they answered with bullets. "The blood will always be in that stone. Each time a student passes the spot he pricks his finger or makes a cut in his hand and adds his own fresh blood to that already there.

"I remember when the Russians first came to our country to 'liberate' us. A departing German officer told us, 'You think we're cruel? Wait until the Russians save you. In one half hour even your Communists will change their minds about the Russians.' He was so right. When the Russians entered our village, our leading Communist went rushing out to greet them with open arms. The Russians jumped down, knocked him to the ground, yelling 'Boots, boots!'—and they took his. Some of the soldiers had never even seen a wrist watch. When they spotted one on your arm their eyes would light up and they'd grab it. You couldn't protest. They took everything. I was a young girl and I spent six weeks in a cellar helping to care for the women they brutalized. We have a saying now, it rhymes so beautifully in our language—in English it's, 'Hide your ducks and geese. Our *friends* the Russians are coming.' "

Silent Rage

She pauses to say goodbye to her students. They adore her. She has given them not only a knowledge of the dance, but a love of it. (She could also give them an appreciation of their country.) As the last sylph skips out, slamming the door—a sylph no more, but an American child greeting spring in a headlong dash—their teacher, whose youth was not so gay, reaches for a newspaper. "Did you notice Gustav Husak made his May Day speech in Bratislava—not Prague? They didn't dare hold the rally in Prague." She sits down with the paper. "I don't know how much more my people can take. There is such rage and frustration behind their silence. And yet what can they do? Each one privately hopes to get out."

Before a Czech citizen can get permission to go abroad, he must list all his assets: money, furniture, everything. In the event he doesn't return the government seizes the property. Also, he must leave behind a young member of the family.

"When I went home they treated me like a fairy godmother from some magic place. A dollar is worth fourteen corunas. On the blackmarket they can get forty to seventy corunas. I saw my father needed a sweater, so I went to buy one. Again, the public silence. The stores were quiet. People just walk through like robots. No talking, no fingering the merchandise. I paid eight dollars for a sweater that wouldn't keep a sparrow warm. I kept thinking of what eight dollars would buy in Alexanders—to say nothing of the noise and frenzy there."

The spirit of the older people is broken. Alien armies have been on their soil too long. They lived through the misery and horror of war and then occupation brutality. They're tired. They

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LETTER FROM PORTUGAL

A Smooth Shift of Gears

PETER WITONSKI

SPRING COMES SLOWLY to Portugal. The winter is gray and soggy with an endless flow of rain, totally out of keeping with one's preconceptions of a land where the sun is always supposed to shine. But then one's preconceptions were never very helpful in explaining the vagaries of this tiny Iberian nation. Ever since Prince Henry the Navigator first began the voyages of discovery that were to carry the Portuguese flag to the four corners of the earth, the Portuguese people have been surprising and baffling those who wished to explain them away in simple terms. There are no easy explanations of a country that in a period of something less than fifty years, between 1460 and 1510, transformed itself from a rather run-of-the-mill Iberian principality into an empire extending from Africa and India to Brazil.

To say anything intelligent about contemporary Portugal it is necessary to cut through a great deal of misinformation. No American newspaper maintains a full-time correspondent in Lisbon. The only on-the-spot coverage by the American press is an occasional interview with one of the nation's few left-wing intellectuals, in which readers will be assured that the Portuguese people are dreadfully unhappy. Such stories have been appearing on and off now for the past forty years, ever since António de Oliveira Salazar came to power.

EVEN NOW, in the wake of his massive stroke, it is Dr. Salazar who continues to dominate political life in Portugal. During his forty years in power, first as finance minister, later as finance minister and prime minister, Salazar established a reputation for honesty and ruthless shrewdness unknown in Portugal since the days of D. João II, the Perfect Prince of Portuguese history. A coldly ascetic intellectual (he had been Professor of Economics at the University of Coimbra before coming to power in 1928) and devoutly religious Catholic, he is responsible for most of Portugal's successes and failures. Perhaps his principle failure was his inability to grasp the full significance of the postwar economic boom. Portugal has remained isolated from the rest of the world largely because of Salazar's restricted vision: he rarely traveled within European Portugal and never laid eyes on the overseas provinces, let alone the rest of Europe. His successes include the stability of the escudo and the sense of order and authority that has meant so much to the people since the anarchic early days of the republic, but these are merely derived from what is undeniably his greatest success: his decision, in the face of much external criticism, to keep the overseas territories. In the long run, they, particularly mineral-rich Angola, will do much to salvage the Portuguese economy.

There were voices in Europe and America at the time of Salazar's stroke which predicted riot and revolution against the "hated regime." Perhaps Salazar's greatest legacy to his people was the peaceful and ordered way in which the succession took place. Among the reasons why the transition from Salazar to Marcello Caetano ran as smoothly as it did was precisely that Salazar and his regime were not hated, but, on the contrary, were supported by an overwhelming majority of the Portuguese people. He was not always an easy man to live with; he was not loved in the way General Eisenhower was loved by many Americans; but there was something about his idealism and determination to see things through that the Portuguese respected. He abhorred all personal publicity, and talked over the heads of his constituency, so that in the long run his difficult ideas about government and society were never fully understood. However, this was not really a drawback: the average Portuguese has never been addicted to politics in the way that Spaniards and Frenchmen are; his passion is soccer, and he is perfectly happy to leave politics to the politicians.

The differences between Caetano and Salazar are already apparent. "You have been governed by a genius," Caetano informed the National Assembly upon coming to power, adding, "now you will have to get used to being governed by an ordinary man." The remark, with all its self-mocking humility, sums up the fundamental difference in style between the two men. Where Salazar was aloof, Caetano is easy-going, even chummy; where Salazar was bookish and contemplative, Caetano, despite his years as a university professor, is essentially a man of action; where Salazar tended to be parochial and, on occasion, limited in vision, Caetano is a man of the world who sees beyond the confines of the Portuguese empire. Caetano has already startled those who had become accustomed to Salazar's stay-at-home style by visiting America for talks with President Nixon at the time of General Eisenhower's funeral, and by making a whirlwind tour of the African provinces, where he was greeted with unrestrained adulation that caused *Newsweek* and other normally critical publications to take notice.

TO BE SURE there is a great deal of discontent in Portugal, but it is not the discontent revolutions are made of. Noticeable improvements in education, economic life and political freedom (there will be a general election this fall in which most of Portugal's women will have the vote for the first time) promise to eliminate a good deal of the discontent that does exist. Press censorship has been eased greatly since Caetano took over, and old enemies of the regime, such as the leftist lawyer Dr. Mario Soares, have been re-emerging at street-corner rallies to denounce the status quo. But when all is said and done there is little real discontent. "Our students," I was informed by an eminent professor at the University of Coimbra, "are more interested in reading than revolting." As for the public at large they are filled with optimism about their new government and look forward to the next decade as a period of growth and prosperity. They are not discouraged by the fact that Portugal today is fighting three major wars against Communist-led guerrillas, defending the soil she has held since the days of Prince Henry. As in the days of her greatest power, Portugal remains essentially a small country taking on the responsibilities of a large one. □

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OPEN LETTER

To the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR

CITIZEN DEPUTIES!

One of the next sessions of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR is scheduled to discuss and adopt the USSR Basic Statutes on Corrective Labor Legislation.

Since the passage of this law depends on you to a certain extent and since it concerns us to a certain degree, we deem it essential to lay before you the facts on the present situation in this area of Soviet law, and on the present interpretation and implementation of the law in [prison] camps today.

On the basis of our personal experience, we can only speak of the situation in camps with a severe regime, where the majority of the political prisoners (especially dangerous state criminals, according to official terminology) are kept.

For the time being we shall not discuss the right extended to you, the legislators and the government, to incarcerate (to persuade, re-educate, isolate, punish: call it what you will) those holding divergent views, those who disseminate these views and opinions. We are merely discussing the methods of punishment (solitary confinement, persuasion, etc.).

And so we come to the heart of the matter.

At the present time, our situation is regulated (formally) by a single legislative act (Article 20 of the Criminal Code, entitled "The Aims of Punishment"), by a quasilegal regulation ("The Basic Rights and Duties of Prisoners") and (so we are told) by numerous secret instructions. Moreover, these instructions are not in keeping with the rules stated in "The Basic Rights and Duties," and these and others run counter to the letter of the law: "Punishment is not designed to cause physical suffering or to debase human dignity."

Even though the Corrective Labor Code of 1926 has not formally been abolished, it not only fails to reflect life in prison today, but also, certain of its tenets seem, at the present time, to be the wildest fantasy: work in one's own speciality, no restrictions on correspondence or on receiving assistance from relatives, etc.

It is to the point to recall that the 1926 Code in fact lost its force and was supplanted by secret instructions during the tragic Thirties. And this tradition of placing a secret classification on the documents that determine our lot has survived to this very day.

Accordingly, we are unable to discuss the instructions *per se*. It may be that they are such in reality or that they are an invention to justify the arbitrariness of the camp administration. Hence, we can only discuss the "rules" that are known to us (i.e., "Basic Rights") and, most of all, the way things are in actual practice.

We are discussing *cold, humiliation and restrictions on food*. Perhaps jurists will be able to find words to make these things compatible with Article 20 of the Criminal Code but we are not jurists. Here are the facts.

1) The camp dietary norm is 2,413 calories. This norm (according to the journal *Zdorov'ye* [Health]) is the minimum required for a healthy, nonworking male living under normal conditions. But we are far from receiving even this amount. Our food is tasteless, monotonous and contains virtually no vitamins. It is no accident that there are so many people suffering from stomach diseases in the camps.

Motivations

There is a shop in which one can purchase five rubles [$5.50] worth of an exceedingly limited amount of necessities, tobacco and food each month. We are deliberately deprived of the opportunity of obtaining green vegetables or other foods containing vitamins in the shop or by any other means.

We are forbidden to receive food in parcels (*only* books, magazines, newspapers and writing supplies are permitted).

The parcels that, according to the official rules, we are entitled to receive three times a year (upon serving half of our sentence) are only received by those who are in favor with the authorities. We, the undersigned, have cumulatively spent over 22 years in confinement and during this time not one of us in the camp has received a single parcel.

Thus far we have been speaking of the "upper limit" of our diet. At any moment, any of us can be stripped of his right to visit the shop (this is a favorite form of punishment here) or can be put into a solitary punishment cell where the food intake can be legally reduced to 1,300 calories (and in fact, as in the case of the dietary norm for prisoners not in special confinement, it is often reduced to even less than this legal amount). And this is out-and-out starvation.

2) Only in the summer is a normal temperature maintained in the barracks in which we live or work. During the fall, winter and spring, the temperature is at the 50-54° F. level. Since the barracks are old and the climate is not [exactly] Mediterranean, to raise the temperature would entail an unacceptable expenditure on firewood by the administration.

The fight against the cold is conducted in a unique way in the camp: they have taken all of our warm clothing—sweaters, jackets, etc.—from us.

3) We have already mentioned certain punitive measures. We shall add that the punishment cell means not only hunger but bitter cold as well, since one is given a quilted jacket only at night. The rest of the time, all that one has are bunks without mattresses and a cement floor.

What are the motivations for punishment of this sort? It is not by carelessness that we discuss motivation instead of reasons since there are no actual violations of the rules in political camps. But "it is necessary to punish" and punishment is meted out:

For failure to awaken when reveille is sounded by banging on a rail.

For failure to rise in the presence of an officer.

For brewing coffee or frying bread.

For failing to attend political information lectures.

For growing a few dill plants in the area (speaking of vitamins) and for refusing to trample them underfoot.

For failure to fulfill the work norm, etc., etc.

Such delinquencies can entail both half a year's confinement in a punish-

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ment cell and transfer to a prison [as opposed to a work camp] for up to three years. The latter is decided by a court but in this instance we are deprived of the right of having a lawyer to defend us.

4) Deprivation of the right of visitation by relatives is also one of the punishments contained in the rules. Generally speaking, we have the right to one "personal" visit a year (up to three days) and three "general" visits (up to four hours, in the presence of a guard). But the three days or the four hours are just as exceptional as the parcels. Without giving any formal reason, the administration can reduce the time of a personal visit to 24 hours (and when one has to go to work, this means twelve to fourteen hours) and that of the general visits to as little as one hour.

We also add to the aforementioned, restrictions on correspondence (we may not send more than two letters a month, any of which, just like any letter to us, can be confiscated either officially, e.g. "in connection with suspected connivance between the sender and the addressee," or unofficially—a considerable number of our letters and the letters to us disappear without a trace). The restrictive rules also govern the contents of the letters (we may not write about our situation; such letters always "get lost"). You can understand how difficult it is to defend the pitiful remnants of our rights from all manner of arbitrariness.

'Educational Measures'

5) Particular attention must be devoted to special means of converting those of different persuasions.

The first and foremost among these means is the regular "political information" [session]. Year in and year out, the same elementary course in political information is repeated. Semiliterate officers either read syllable by syllable from a printed text or restate it in their own words, distorting it unmercifully. A question which the officer cannot answer (and this is true in the majority of cases) may be viewed as "provocative," and the person asking the question will be punished in one way or another. The expression of one's own views can mean a new court trial and a new sentence. But we are obliged to attend these "political information" sessions—also under the threat of punishment.

Occasional "lectures" delivered by the same officers or by visiting lecturers are, as a rule, offensive to the religious and national feelings of the political prisoners.

It is clear that the authorities classify the following under the heading of "educational measures": the prohibition against believers' (imprisoned for religious activities) receiving religious literature (even the Bible is forbidden); the prohibition against receiving or subscribing to literature and periodicals published outside the Soviet Union, including Communist literature, literature published in socialist countries and publications by international organizations (the UN, UNESCO, etc.).

Obviously one must also consider the constant debasement of human dignity and the physical violence to be "education."

For example, Major Annenkov, Chief of the Camp Section 17a, has ordered that paper be confiscated from the political prisoners in punishment cells and

recommends that they use their fingers in place of toilet paper.

Another administrator, Duty Officer Lieutenant Taktashev, orders a political prisoner handcuffed and the guards, "in performance of their duty," beat the prisoner to boot.

Neither of the guilty officers is "punished." They both continue to "educate."

We cannot enumerate all such cases; this would require volumes. We refer any of you who are interested in the details to the complaints that have been sent to various organs, including the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, in the past two years. In particular, we refer you to the statements justifying the protest hunger strike in February of last year, in which certain of us took part.

To Conform or To Change

Naturally, all these measures which are designed to have a physical and psychological impact on the political prisoners do not and cannot lead to the desired results unless the desire be to test our endurance and fortitude. The restrictions and humiliations can, of course, break the weakest, but are the weak worth bothering about?

Of course, the conditions confronting the political prisoners of today can in no way compare with Kolyma, Vorkuta or Tayshet of the Forties. But those conditions cannot merely serve as a distant standard or as a reference point —there are still those in our nation who would like to return to them. After all, it is not by chance that Dubrovlag, where we were located, is headed by Colonel Gromov who was the chief of one of the most horrible political camps in Tayshet in 1949. Nor is it by chance that Lieutenant Colonel Suchkov—presently the Deputy Chief of the Political Department at Dubrovlag—today tells a sick person with a temperature of more than 101° F.: "In *our* camps, in those days, people worked with such a temperature."

Citizen Deputies!

In appealing to you, we realize that you cannot answer for our present situation. But tomorrow—when you adopt the Basic Statutes on Corrective Labor Legislation—the responsibility for the fate of the people coming under the statutes will be placed upon you. Therefore, we have considered it our duty to appeal to you in this letter. Today it is within your power to confirm and to consolidate the existing situation, or to change it in one or the other direction —to legalize arbitrariness or to limit it by means of effective controls over the observance of our rights, our human and civil rights.

[Signed]:

YU. GALANSKOV
YU. DANIEL
MOSHKOV
A. GINZBURG
V. KALNINSH
RONKIN

SPRING 1969 □

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UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Francis Russell, private eye, reconstructs what probably occurred that fatal night and comes up with a hypothesis that puts Kennedy in a better light. Francis Russell, historian, concludes the Kennedys are through

The Occurrence at Dyke Bridge

FRANCIS RUSSELL

EDGARTOWN, MASS.—A sedan swings down the dirt road of an inconspicuous summer resort on a heat-heavy July night, reaches a makeshift bridge over a tidal creek, slurs toward the low wooden siding and plunges off into eight feet of swift water. The driver manages to squirm out of the overturned car; a passenger does not, and is drowned. It is a deplorable accident, but commonplace, one that might have occurred on any summer night in any resort in a country whose casualties from automobiles exceed those from wars. If the driver and the unlucky passenger had been nobodies, the occurrence might at best have been worth the notice of a local paper. But the driver happened to be Edward M. Kennedy, junior member of his family and senior senator from Massachusetts, the most glamorous probable Democratic Presidential candidate for 1972. Because of the magic of his tribal name, the occurrence at Dyke Bridge on Chappaquiddick, Martha's Vineyard's minuscule island within an island, became an international front-page event. Thousands of columns on the incident have been printed here and abroad, editorial writers from coast to coast have had their say, while an army of newspapermen has deployed across the sedate Cape Cod community.

On the surface, the occurrence seems simple enough—a small party of former Kennedy campaign workers gathered after a regatta in a rented cottage; Ted Kennedy affably offering to drive one of the young women present, Mary Jo Kopechne, to catch the ferry from Chappaquiddick to Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard; a mistaken turn in the road, an unexpected and treacherous bridge, and then disaster. But the simple occurrence, when examined even superficially, is blurred by a fog of complexities. The accident took place near midnight. Ted Kennedy did not appear at the Edgartown police station until nine or ten hours later. He attributed his delay in reporting the accident to his having been "in a state of shock. . . . When I fully realized what had happened . . . I immediately contacted the police."

In a statement that he wrote out for the Edgartown chief of police, Dominick Arena, with the help of his lawyer-friend Paul Markham, who had also been at the party, he said that at 11:15 P.M. he had been driving down Chappaquiddick Road to get the ferry back to Edgartown. Unfamiliar with the road, he had made a right turn onto Dyke Road instead of bearing left to the ferry. After driving about a mile, he went down a hill and came to a narrow bridge. The car went off the side of the bridge, sank into the water and landed with the roof resting on the bottom. The statement concluded: "I attempted to open the door and the window of the car but had no recollection of how I got out of the car. I came to the surface and repeatedly dove down to the car in an attempt to see if the passenger was still in the car. I was unsuccessful in the attempt. I was exhausted and in a state of shock. I recall walking back to where my friends were eating. There was a car parked in front of the cottage and I climbed into the back seat. I then asked for someone to bring me to Edgartown. I remember walking around for a period of time and then going back to my hotel room."

At midnight the ferry *On Time* shut down. Kennedy gave no explanation as to how he had crossed the five hundred-foot wide Katoma Bay Channel to reach his hotel room in Worth House, the white clapboard annex of Edgartown's Shiretown Inn. But early that morning Russell Peachey, one of the Inn's owners, acting as night clerk, noticed the Senator standing outside on the patio and asked if he could help him. Kennedy, in a clean, dry sport shirt and trousers, showed no sign of discomposure. He said he had mislaid his watch, and asked what time it was, then mentioned that he had been disturbed by the noise of a party next door. Peachey told him it was exactly

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2:25 A.M., and promised to have the noise stopped.

Just before 8 o'clock, two boys fishing off the bridge noticed a car under the water, one wheel just breaking the surface as the tide ebbed. Hurrying to Dyke House, a cottage less than a hundred yards away, they told the tenant, Mrs. Pierre Malm, to telephone the police. In the quarter of an hour it took Chief Arena to arrive, the rear license plate had become visible—L78-207—a number the chief radioed back to have identified by the Registry of Motor Vehicles. At the same time he sent for an Edgartown scuba diver and member of the Volunteer Fire Department, John Farrar. Diving down, Farrar found the body of a young woman in the back of the inverted car, but it took him 25 minutes in the swift current to bring the body to the surface. It was then five minutes to nine. On learning who owned the car, a black Oldsmobile sedan, the Chief sent out a call for Ted Kennedy, whom he still considered to be unaware of the accident. During the morning, police and fire department rescue workers hauled the Oldsmobile up with power winches. In the back seat was a woman's purse containing the Senate pass of Rosemary Keough, Senator Kennedy's staff secretary, who was then assumed to be the dead girl.

Rumor and Surmise

At about the time Farrar at the Dyke Bridge was trying to extricate the body from the rear of the Oldsmobile, Kennedy, accompanied by Markham and by a cousin, Joseph Gargan, crossed over on the ferry to Chappaquiddick. During the night, Markham and Gargan had, in some undisclosed manner, made their way from the rented cottage to the mainland. On reaching the Chappaquiddick shore the three entered the small ferry shed on the landing where a public telephone hung on the wall. For over an hour, they conferred inside. By the time they emerged, news of the bridge mishap had reached the crew of the *On Time*. The skipper and the fare collector, sixteen-year-old Stevie Ewing, who lives on the island and attends Holderness in the winter, walked over to the three and asked if they had heard of the accident. Kennedy stalked toward the ferry without replying, but one of the others told Stevie: "Yeah, we heard of it."

As the ferry docked at the Edgartown slip, Kennedy, in a blue sport shirt and white sneakers, strode briskly off the boat, trailed by his retainers. A photographer, knowing nothing of the accident, snapped his picture and recorded the time. It was 9:50 A.M. Ten minutes later, Kennedy walked into Edgartown's Greek Revival town hall that contains the police station to make a statement to Chief Arena, who had not yet left the bridge but was hurriedly summoned. During the three hours Kennedy spent at the station he tried repeatedly to reach Burke Marshall, his brother Bobby's former chief of the Justice Department's civil rights division. In his statement, he could not spell Mary Jo's last name and so left it a blank, but he did reveal that it was she who had drowned and not Rosemary Keough. After signing the statement he asked the Chief to withhold the contents for an hour until he could consult his lawyers, then left for the family compound in Hyannis Port. Arena agreed and withheld the statement for two additional hours, but when by late afternoon no word had come from Hyannis Port, he at last released it to the press. Almost at once Markham called, asking him to hold back, but by then the story was out.

Kennedy made his statement on Saturday, July 19. Then for the next six days, days of rain and fog, he remained in the high-fenced seclusion of the Hyannis compound, emerging only on Tuesday to fly in the family DC-3 to Plymouth, Pennsylvania for the funeral of Mary Jo. The Kennedy family physician announced that the Senator had sustained a mild concussion. Kennedy appeared at the funeral, his neck encased in an orthopedic collar, accompanied by his wife and by Bobby's widow Ethel. During the week the high counselors arrived—Robert McNamara, Ted Sorensen, Richard Goodwin, Kenneth O'Donnell, Burke Marshall, the motor vehicle legal expert Robert Clark Jr. and enough others to fill the compound. They advised Ted to make an immediate explanation. The task of setting the pictured disaster in a decent frame was turned over to Sorensen, with the assistance of Kennedy's administrative aide, David Banks, and a Washington lawyer, Milton Gwirtzman.

It was a week of rumor and surmise, aided by the silence enveloping the Hyannis compound. Those who loved, honored and obeyed the Kennedys saw the episode as an innocent reunion of loyal campaigners marred by a tragic accident that might have happened to anyone. As Senator Mike Mansfield explained it, with a certain lack of felicity, "After all, even a politician is human." Those who disliked, feared or distrusted the Kennedys, those who were merely skeptical, had grosser explanations. It was whispered that Ted had been drunk when he drove down the wrong road, that he was having an affair with Mary Jo, that the "cookout" in the cottage hideaway masked a Roman orgy. And jokes circulated, too cruel to bear repeating.

Explanation

On a fog-streaked Friday morning, just a week after the fateful Chappaquiddick reunion, Kennedy appeared in the brick, hundred-year-old Duke's County Courthouse across from Edgartown's town hall to answer the Commonwealth's charge of leaving the scene of a fatal accident and failing to report it. The grey week had washed away most of his tan, as well as his self-possession, and as he sat in the prisoner's dock with his head down and his chin propped on his clenched fists, he looked more a delinquent college student caught in some prank his father could not fix, than a United States Senator. "Guilty," he answered almost inaudibly after the clerk had read the charge, and then repeated more loudly "Guilty!" still without lifting his head. District Judge James Boyle sentenced him to two months in the Barnstable House of Correction—he could have made it two years—and then suspended the sentence on the grounds that Kennedy "has already been, and will continue to be, punished far beyond any sentence this court can impose." On leaving the courthouse for the airport to fly back to Hyannis, Kennedy told reporters that he had asked for time on television that night "to explain to the people of Massachusetts."

Sorensen and his assistants had spent a long week hammering out the twelve-minute apologia that Kennedy was to present that evening to over thirty million Americans, yet for all their skill the result was synthetic. By evening, Kennedy had regained his composure and, discarding his collar prop, sat at the desk in his father's library facing the television cameras, prepared finally to justify himself in words supplied by others. The explanation of his week of

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silence was the legalistic subterfuge that it would have been improper for him to make any comments before his appearance in court. The Chappaquiddick party, termed more innocuously a "cookout," had been arranged for "a devoted group of Kennedy campaign secretaries." Only reasons of health had prevented his wife from being there. He described Mary Jo as one of the most devoted members of his brother's staff, "a gentle, kind and idealistic person." Then, confronting the swirl of rumors, he insisted that there was "no truth whatever to the widely circulated suspicions of immoral conduct that have been leveled at my behavior and hers regarding that evening. There has never been a private relationship between us of any kind." He had left the party with Mary Jo about 11:15. He had not been under the influence of liquor. When the car went off the bridge, the cold water rushed around his head and he had felt the actual sensation of drowning. Somehow, he struggled to the surface, dove repeatedly to try to reach Mary Jo and then lay exhausted in the grass on the bank. When he had recovered sufficiently he walked back to the cottage and asked Gargan and Markham for help. He admitted that it was "indefensible that I did not report the accident to the police immediately," and added that "all kinds of scrambled thoughts, all of them confused, some of them irrational . . . went through my mind" and he felt himself overcome by "a jumble of emotions—grief, fear, doubt, torture, panic confusion, exhaustion and shock." With Gargan and Markham, he returned to the bridge and they tried in vain to reach the car.

Questions

Then, telling the two not to alarm the others, Kennedy had them drive him to the ferry landing. Since the ferry had shut down, he jumped impulsively into the water and swam across to Edgartown, almost drowning again as he did so. When he reached his hotel room he collapsed, but remembered going out at one point to say something to the hotel clerk. In the morning, his mind more lucid, he went to the Chappaquiddick ferry shed to call Burke Marshall from the public telephone there. Then he had gone to the police station.

Kennedy concluded with an appeal to the people of Massachusetts to decide whether or not his standing had been so impaired that he should resign his Senate seat. It was at best a maudlin appeal, with the foreknowledge that in Massachusetts the answer could only be an overwhelming endorsement. Yet the perorating quotation from his brother's *Profiles in Courage* might in itself have been considered a condemnation of a man who had run away: "The stories of past courage cannot supply courage itself. For this, each man must look into his own soul."

There have been no further amplifications, no press conferences. The five remaining girls at the party and the three other men left Chappaquiddick in a hurry on Saturday morning and have since kept their silence. It is true that the television address answered some questions, but it raised others as well as contradicting at several points the earlier statement to the police. One now knew how Kennedy had got from Chappaquiddick to Edgartown, but how did Markham and Gargan get across the channel? Did Kennedy crawl into Gargan's car, the only one in front of the cottage, on his return from the bridge, or did he summon Gargan and Markham? How could he, dripping wet and distraught, have reached them without attracting the attention of others? Why did he not do what seems the most obvious thing after an accident, turn to the nearest place for help? The Dyke House and the cottage beyond still had lights burning at the time of the accident. There were other cottages along the 1.2 miles of road he followed back. There was even a small fire station near the hired cottage with an alarm ready to be sounded. Why did Gargan and Markham on driving to the bridge with Kennedy fail to sound the alarm or knock on some door and ask for help? How could they stand on the ferry slip and watch their injured friend swim into the darkness? Why did the party revelry go on until half-past one and then abruptly stop? At that time the noise woke Foster Silva, the local caretaker, in his house 150 yards away. Silva had no knowledge of Kennedy's presence. "The party wasn't wild, but they were damn loud," he said afterward. "If they had kept it up any longer I would have called the police. At one o'clock I was pretty well damn fed up with the whole thing. It was a damned farce, at that hour of the morning." Did Kennedy leave at 11:15 P.M. in time for the ferry, or was it later? Christopher Look Jr., a county deputy sheriff living on Chappaquiddick, was driving back at 12:30 A.M. from his job at a club. As he drove along Chappaquiddick Road and approached the curve near Dyke Road, a car coming in the opposite direction cut across his headlight beam, started up a dirt lane marked "private" at the head of Dyke Road, and came to a stop. Thinking the driver had lost his way, Look stopped his own car, got out, and started to walk the twenty feet between the two cars. But before he had taken more than a couple of steps the other driver backed up and disappeared down Dyke Road. Look noted that it was a black sedan and that the letter on its license plate was L. There were two persons in the front and another, or possibly a coat, in the rear. Look was later convinced that the car he had seen was the Kennedy Oldsmobile. It could not have been Gargan's rented Valiant, which was white and had a Y for a plate letter. Was Kennedy dazed when he spoke to the hotel clerk at half past two in the morning, or was he trying to establish an alibi that would place him on the mainland? What truth is there in the now publicly made accusation that Kennedy's first reaction was to have Gargan take the blame as the driver of the car, and that Gargan had been willing to implicate himself? Why, finally, did the three men cross over from Edgartown to Chappaquiddick on Saturday morning instead of going directly to the police station?

The Guests

The questions still persist. Certain facts nevertheless remain, however they may be worked over or interpreted. A month before the Edgartown Yacht Club regatta of that weekend, Gargan had rented the two-bedroom cottage on Chappaquiddick Road, sight unseen, from its owner, a New York lawyer by the name of Lawrence, for eight days at $200. It was used only on the seventh day. At the same time, Gargan engaged six rooms for the men at the Shiretown Inn, and rooms for the girls of the party at an Edgartown motel. The six girls attending the "cookout" at the Lawrence cottage were single, in their late twenties, all former Robert Kennedy workers and had attended similar reunions previously. Mary Jo seems to have been a decent, quiet girl, more devoted to Bobby than to Ted Kennedy, intrigued by her worm's-eye view of politics, moderately attractive in a muted way.

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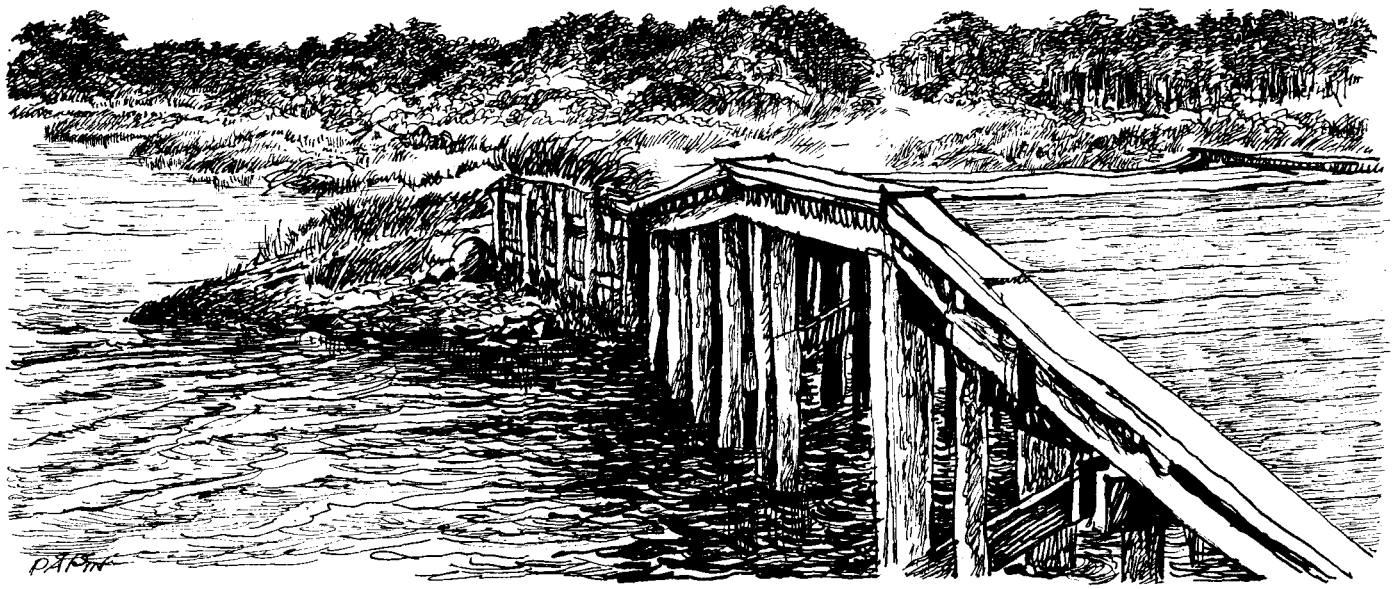

The others could pass in a crowd of Washington office workers. Gargan, a lawyer of sorts, was one of the number of less successful minor relatives gathered into the Kennedy entourage, an odd-job man, an arranger, renter of conveyances and maker of reservations. The remaining four men were, like Gargan, married, prematurely middle-aged, of the anonymous sort that one sees trailing the coattails of the more successful politicians.

Another Hypothesis

On Friday afternoon Kennedy and his crew of three—none of whom was to be a guest, at the cookout—sailed his blue-hulled family boat *Victura* in the regatta. Before the race Kennedy had driven a carload of girls in the Oldsmobile to the Lawrence cottage. Stevie Ewing noticed the EMK monogram on his shirt as he crossed and then re-crossed on the ferry. Stevie remembered him crossing again after the regatta with more passengers and speeding down the Chappaquiddick Road, the one paved road on the island. The Oldsmobile was also seen several times that day going over Dyke Bridge to the parking area for the beach beyond. Both roads must have been familiar to Kennedy. Chappaquiddick Road, a lonesome road, the island's backbone, runs in a blackish streak across an uninhabited landscape. The Lawrence cottage with its yellow shutters and pin-oak tree in the yard, is a shabby little place, but isolated. Where the road curves left and Dyke Road connects to the right, one would have to cut a ninety-degree angle to make that false turn. A road sign warns of the curve. Anyone who has driven on Chappaquiddick Road even once could scarcely make the mistake of veering to the dirt road on the right. And even if he had done so, the effect of that corrugated surface would have jolted him into awareness of his mistake. Nor would he have had any reason to continue an additional mile and cross the hump-backed wooden bridge.

There is a simpler hypothesis current on the island for the occurrence at Dyke Bridge, one that may or may not be true, but at least puts Kennedy in a somewhat kinder light. According to blood tests, Mary Jo had had two or three cocktails. She may have had more, or she may in her inexperience simply have been more affected by a few. In any case, this hypothesis would have had her, feeling slightly dizzy, leave the stale air in the crowded room of the cottage to take a nap in the back of the Oldsmobile. At some time after midnight, Kennedy decided to take Rosemary Keough to the beach. When they left they did not notice Mary Jo in the back seat, although Deputy Sheriff Look observed her at the Dyke Road turnoff. Once the car flipped over at the bridge, Kennedy and Rosemary Keough—minus her purse—got to the surface, to the shore and back to the Lawrence cottage. With only their car wrecked they would have felt no need or wish to knock on doors along the way. When they did arrive at about 1:30, the first question they were asked was: Where is Mary Jo? Then it was that the party dimmed. Still hopeful that she too might have found her way to the shore, Kennedy and Gargan and Markham headed for the bridge, searched both banks, but could find no sign of her. They may or may not have dived in at the spot where the car sank. Since they said so, let us assume they did. Then they drove Kennedy to the ferry landing in the Valiant and watched him swim across the channel. Possibly they later borrowed one of the many skiffs tied up at the dock and rowed across themselves. Their chief impulse at this point would have been to protect the Kennedy name. It was after the conference in the ferry shed, after whatever telephone calls may have been made there, that Ted Kennedy decided there was no alternative left but to go to the police.

End of Camelot

In the end, one is left with the elemental fact that a girl died, and that while she died the man involved did not act. It is remotely possible that if a rescue team had arrived within half an hour, Mary Jo might have lived. The scuba diver who brought her up noted that "her head was at the floorboards where the last bit of air would have been." He thought that if he had been called at once there was a chance that he might have saved her. So the matter rests, unless any of those at the party choose to furnish further explanations. From an inquest, instigated by a political opportunist, little can be expected. Massachusetts is solidly for Ted Kennedy and the Kennedys, and he can be re-elected senator for the rest of his life if he wishes. Further than that he

(Continues on page 869)

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RUSSELL KIRK

ABOUT SEX AND EDUCATION

FROM THE ACADEMY

If, friend, you aspire to success on the lecture-circuit, get up a talk about "sex education." No matter what your point of view, the world will beat a pathway to your hall.

The silliness of most advocates of public school curricula in "sex education" (illiterate phrase!) is almost equaled by the uninformed zeal of some persons to prevent any reference in the classroom to procreation. In nearly every state of this union, right now, state boards of public instruction, legislatures, local boards and school administrators, and PTAs are riven by passion on either side of this controversy.

It is high time, then, for some return to principle in this debate. All partisans ought to read Thurber's and White's *Is Sex Necessary?*, probably the wittiest (and cleanest, I assure the uninformed who tremble at the title) discourse on The Thing that Rears Its Ugly (or Adorable) Head. For a more sober treatment of current controversies, however, I commend to everybody a brand-new book by Dr. Arther S. Trace Jr., *The American Moral Crisis* (Exposition Press). Turn particularly to the chapters entitled "Morality and the Schools" and "Sex and the Family."

As many readers of this page may be aware, Professor Trace, of John Carroll University, is the author of *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't* and *Reading without Dick and Jane.* He is much read in philosophy, and (in the true sense) relevant, being acutely aware of modern decadence and its causes. Confusion about sex, like confusion in the churches and crime in the streets, is produced in part by the triumph of philosophical fallacies, Dr. Trace knows. The grand struggle is between Philosophical Classicism (allied with Christian doctrine) on the one hand, and those incongruous allies Philosophical Romanticism and Philosophical Naturalism on the other.

As Professor Trace points out, American schooling was shaped by John Dewey, William Kilpatrick, Harold Rugg and Edward Thorndike—progressivists, instrumentalists, naturalists. "The most important single fact about these four American educational theorists is that they were all atheists and that they all built their educational theory on atheistic premises."

Now an atheist's notions about sex differ radically from the beliefs of even a vestigial Christian or Jew: for nearly all sanctions or prohibitions in sexual ethics are of religious derivation. To look upon sexual powers merely as sources of pleasure and therapy is logical enough—supposing that one is an atheist. Yet the vast majority of Americans are not atheists; even if their religion has decayed into what Dr. Will Herberg calls "the ethos of sociability," still they believe vaguely in some sort of moral order transcending physical appetites. Thus the present controversy about "sex education," at bottom, is a contest between atheistic views of human nature in sexual relationships (popularized and made pseudo-scientific by oddities like the late Alfred Kinsey), and essentially religious (if attenuated) views that maintain there is law for thing, and law for man—discrete, not reconciled.

With Trace, I drink confusion to the latter-day Deweyite doctrinaires, the vulgarizers of Freud, and the Kinseyite and *Playboy* sillies. Yet preserve us from certain of our friends!

Cudgel the "sensitivity training" freaks and the "sexual outlets" heretics, by all means; but cudgel them judiciously. Don't make yourself absurd and injure the decency you advocate, dear lady, by fretting about a copy of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* in the school library. The Wizard of Salem, I assure you, wasn't a champion of adultery.

Education about sex, I suggest, does have a rightful place in every school—but only as part of a general ethical instruction. Those who would reduce teaching about sex to a do-it-yourself course in techniques are metaphysically mad; but it doesn't follow that metaphysical illiteracy is a bulwark of chastity.

Professor Trace successfully relates philosophical premises to our present disorders. Consider him on divorce. Our ghastly divorce rate (higher than that of Sweden or Japan, where divorce by mutual consent is permitted) soars upward, for one reason, because many Americans are sexual hedonists, ignorant of or indifferent to the *end* of sexual endowments: that is (what ought to be obvious) the perpetuation of the species—including, in man, the rearing of his children.

"It is a moot question," Arther Trace writes, "as to how high the ratio of divorce to marriages has to be before a nation experiences a general breakdown of the family as a social unit. Certainly it has to be higher than one divorce in three marriages, though there can be no doubt that even the present rate has seriously weakened the moral and social fiber of modern-day America. If the proportion becomes one in two, then the threat would seem to be serious indeed, and probably if it were to become three in four, it would be hard to imagine that social and moral chaos would not be the result and, hence, perhaps also the moral collapse of the nation."

SURELY, THEN there should be some instruction in schools concerning love and matrimony—though not, ordinarily, merely through a "Family Living" course (deadly dull), and certainly not through recitation of the names for the genitalia in a fourth-grade classroom (a farce now practiced even in some church-related schools). The problem being theological and philosophical, it should be handled with intelligence as well as passion. □

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DELECTATIONS

In the Heart of Italy

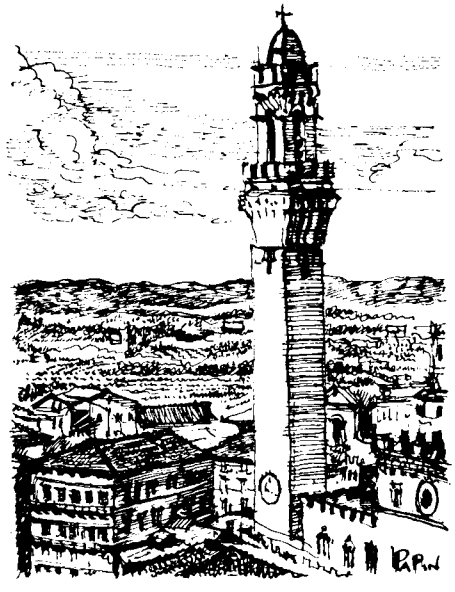
CHARLES FOLEY

"REMEMBER," cries the earnest traveler in one of E. M. Forster's brilliant Italian novels, "it's only by going off the beaten track that you get to know the country. See the little towns —Gubbio, Pienza, Cortona, San Gimignano . . ." It's good advice, but in a land of little towns, each with its special artistic or historical claims on the attention, where does one start? The answer (Forster's as well as mine) is Tuscany, the Italian region which was the cradle of Western genius, the homeland of Dante and Leonardo, Galileo and Michelangelo. This lovely province, a hundred miles north of Rome, flowered in the springtime of European civilization, the Italian Renaissance, and its cities still carry about them the vibrant freshness of that time.

Most people, I suppose, would consider Florence the best base for an exploration of Tuscany, and no one could justly contradict them. It is the capital of the region, and the capital of Italian art. But my choice falls on a smaller city, with fewer people, less traffic and unique atmosphere, which lies at almost the exact center of the province—Siena, queen of Italy's "little towns." I recall my first visit clearly. The sirocco, the hot African wind that brings red earthy dust down from an elephant-hide sky, had been blowing all day, and I arrived exhausted and tacky. At once a light merciful rain began to fall. The sky cleared; the air cooled. I walked through warm sweet-smelling streets in search of the great main square, the Campo.

Siena is not large: you can walk round it in a hour, or an afternoon. Even the apple-green buses are half the size of Rome's. This smaller scale is somehow calming. And the Campo itself, a vast seashell-shaped piazza, is also strangely tranquilizing. Its beauty never fails to surprise. The gentle downward swoop of the faded pink bricks, the flights of pigeons that follow the curve, the rich harmony of the encircling *palazzi* combine to cool the nerves and shrink the ego. The slender tower of Mangia, 334 feet high, is a big bird's nest. Swallows dart in and out of the tiny windows in its sides, as if they were spinning around a giant mobile. Pigeons perch and preen on the stone heads of the Fonte Gaia—the Gay Fountain—and drink from its jets of water. A workman, cleaning it, casually flings a coil of plastic hose around the marble neck of a wolf.

On the highest point of Siena's hill rises the black-and-white striped cathedral. My small hotel had a view across a valley of burnt-siena rooftops and laundry to this great building, built wholly of marble between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries on the site of an ancient temple to Minerva; for Siena was first an Etruscan settlement, and later the Roman *Sena Julia*. As dusk



fell I walked uphill towards it, through narrow tortuous streets lined with that uniquely Italian mixture of Renaissance and Gothic palaces, ice cream bars and neon-lit modern shops. It was Sunday evening and a fat friar in a brown cope was haranguing a big congregation, arms waving and straggly beard wagging.

The *duomo* is crowded with works of art, of which perhaps the most famous are Pinturicchio's frescoes in the library. Their colors ("gaudy") aroused Bernard Berenson's ire; but he forgave them for their "almost perfect" proportions. They are paintings that breathe the charm of the Italian Renaissance. Sparkling and spring-like, they sing the joy of living. At the Pinacoteca there is a unique collection of Sienese art. I like particularly the painting of the medical saints, who are replacing miraculously the diseased leg of Deacon Giustiniano with the leg of a dead Negro.

Siena is far from being a museum of antiquities and art. It's a market town for all Tuscany. On Wednesday, cattle-market day, farmers in rusty black suits and hats haggle for hours in the Campo. The baby Fiats of wine merchants tangle with the coaches of "Ave Maria Tours Ltd." The stalls are piled high with cherries and peaches, which are just beginning to come into season.

Michelin stars only one Siena restaurant—Guido's—where the specialty is delicious pieces of pork, liver and sausage, all skewered and grilled with herbs. But the simpler restaurants are excellent and the waiter is always ready to advise on the best fruit, or cheese, or *dolce*. I drank red wine everywhere and never found a poor glass. You cannot do that in Rome, or the South. This is true chianti country.

The city's great celebration is the Palio horse race, around the Campo, which has been kept alive for eight centuries. The processions before the race are full of medieval pageantry—soldiers in armor, banners flying, trumpeters with slender clarions—the feudal works. But it isn't a commercial or tourist enterprise. It's a treasured local tradition and a hard-fought race, run twice yearly on July 2 and August 16.

MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND spectators jam into the Campo itself, and another thirty thousand can watch from windows and rooftops encircling the "course." Siena's seventeen *contrade*, or districts, contend for the prize of the Palio—the vast banner of precious fabric. The *contrade* are really land organizations which have existed almost as long as the Sienese Republic itself, when the city held land across Italy to the east coast.

The race is probably the crookedest in the world, and it's meant to be. Bribery is the key to success: each jockey is supplied with money by groups of back-

(Continues on page 869)

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The Soviet Generals and Number One

TIBOR SZAMUELY

Stalin and his Generals: Soviet Military Memoirs of World War II
Edited by Seweryn Bialer
Pegasus, $10

Marshal Zhukov's Greatest Battles
By Georgi K. Zhukov
Harper, $6.95

It is a curious thing, but the professional military men of all countries, whose main business—whose sole *raison d'être*, in fact—is fighting each other or spending all their time preparing to fight each other, actually have far more in common amongst themselves than any other professional group in the world. Their mentality, their interests, their way of life—all are practically indistinguishable. Only the uniforms are different.

This basic truth is best illustrated by the memoir literature of World War II. Americans, British, Germans, Japanese, French, Italians—field-marshals, generals, admirals, colonels, staff-officers, infantrymen, artillerymen, sailors: all are splendidly impartial in attacking incompetent superiors, insubordinate juniors, witless colleagues, scheming allies . . . and, almost as an afterthought, the enemy. I am not stating anything new here. The same observation has been repeatedly made ever since the great torrent of self-justification and mutual recrimination opened up after 1945.

But for a long time one important group of military leaders kept impeccably silent: the Russians. This was attributed to traditional Russian secretiveness or to Communist self-effacement. Not a bit of it; Stalin simply forbade them to write. As soon as the dictator was dead and safely denounced the generals took to their pens. First a trickle, then a rivulet, finally a veritable flood poured off the Soviet printing-presses. By now, it seems, of the 6,000 wartime Soviet generals the only ones to have left the public unenlightened as to their exploits are those who are either dead or totally illiterate (and even of these latter many, like Marshal Budenny, found willing ghost-writers).

Apart from the valuable disclosure that Russian generals detest and envy each other even more intensely than do our own, these memoirs tell us a good deal about the Soviet war effort. And, heaven knows, we could do with some information concerning the most important front of the war, where the vital battles were fought and the German armies reduced to ruin. The trouble is that Soviet war memoirs are barely known in the West. Few people here can read Russian; interest in the war has greatly diminished, and publishers find new titles hardly worth their while; the books themselves are generally extremely boring and far less trustworthy than Western memoirs. Yet the more significant Soviet writings on the war deserve to be made available in the West in some way.

Therefore one can only welcome the appearance of Mr. Bialer's excellent, shrewdly selected and well annotated (though unindexed) anthology of Soviet military memoirs. From the endless expanse of turgid, repetitive prose Mr. Bialer has picked out the graphic anecdote, the memorable encounter, the revealing phrase. Bit by bit the excerpts build up a vivid and convincing picture of the Soviet High Command, of its outstanding leaders, and, in particular, of the Supreme Commander-in-Chief, Joseph Stalin.

The difficulties of dealing with Soviet war memoirs are great. One has to discount not only the backbiting customary in works of this type, but also the political factors peculiar to the USSR. The writing of history there is a branch of ideology, strictly subordinate to the party line. No memoirist, however eminent, is ever allowed to stray from the straight and narrow. So in all these works, regardless of the authors' sincerity, we find a dutiful repetition of every basic Soviet falsehood: the Nazi-Soviet Pact was not only useful but highly righteous (one author even has the impudence to declare that it was signed *after* Hitler's conquest of Poland); the USSR was attacked by Finland; the Western allies gave Russia no effective help at all; the initial German successes were due solely to surprise, etc. The treatment of various Soviet political figures also conforms rigorously to the party line at any given moment (it is useful therefore to check the date of the publication quoted): Beria, Malenkov, Kaganovich, Mekhlis and other fallen dignitaries are invariably reviled and loaded with blame for every conceivable and inconceivable shortcoming.

By far the hardest task facing the Soviet memoirist is the depiction of "the Chief" himself. Here, above all, changing political fashions should be taken into account. Yet even when every allowance is made for the vagaries of de-Stalinization the Generalissimo who emerges from his generals' accounts is a formidable and complex figure. Stalin was the hub of the entire Russian war effort; all the channels of decision-making and control were concentrated in his hands; he gave all the orders, down to the disposition of divisions and regiments. In the final analysis, the fate of Russia and of the war depended upon Stalin.

Inevitably one compares his role as supreme warlord with that of Hitler. There were many similarities. Stalin's generals obviously feared him far more than they did the enemy. They did not dare warn him—or each other—of the impending German attack; during the first months they preferred to go down

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to defeat and death—as at Kiev—rather than retreat against his orders. Stalin possessed infinitely more power than Hitler; he could, and often did, execute any of his generals simply for having failed in his job—something Hitler never attempted. Yet his commanders' attitude to Stalin is very different from that of the German generals to Hitler. While blaming Stalin freely for the early defeats, they write of him with genuine awe and respect. Paradoxically, Stalin seems to have listened to his generals' advice a good deal more than Hitler; he reckoned with the experts' opinion and was ready to give them considerable freedom of action—though after he had taken a decision nothing on earth could make him change his mind. Throughout his whole career Stalin's supreme asset was his ability to handle men.

NOWHERE WAS THIS QUALITY better demonstrated than in his dealings with the most brilliant of his generals. Marshall Georgi Zhukov. It has sometimes been claimed that Zhukov was the greatest military commander of World War II. The claim may well be true. Certainly he was in direct control of the Russian armies in the mightiest battles of the war, involving millions of men on both sides—Moscow, Stalingrad, Kursk, Berlin—and resulting in decisive victories of Soviet arms. Zhukov was the only man to whom Stalin ever handed over full responsibility for a crucial military operation: the battle of Moscow in the autumn of 1941. No wonder that as soon as the war was over Stalin removed him from all positions of authority.

Zhukov, naturally, looms very large in the Soviet military memoirs, occupying a place second only to Stalin's. He is treated rather gingerly by his colleagues: some try to disparage his achievements, others give him full credit for them, a third group simply cannot make up its mind. Largely, of course, this is due to the extraordinary vicissitudes of the Marshal's postwar fortunes and his repeated spells as an official "unperson." Acute professional envy of the one undisputed Soviet "Great Captain" likewise plays a part. Yet the prevailing ambivalent attitude toward Zhukov is clearly not unconnected with certain facets of his personal character.

In 1945 Zhukov was universally recognized by Russians, soldiers and civilians alike, as the savior of his country. He evoked admiration, respect, gratitude—but neither the love bestowed upon an Eisenhower or an Alexander nor the romantic mythology surrounding MacArthur, Montgomery, Rokossovsky, Rommel or Patton. His colleagues' memoirs (even allowing for the political bias) help us understand the reasons for this. Zhukov was an authentically great soldier—but lacked either charm, humanity or panache. Brilliant, ruthless, resourceful, harsh, demanding, relentless, arrogant, courageous, domineering: Zhukov was all this, and more. The military leader whom he reminds me of most was Davout—the best of Napoleon's marshals, and the least likable of them. But Davout was never in independent command of decisive engagements, whereas Zhukov won more great battles than anyone else in World War II.

Zhukov, alas, is badly served by the book which has just appeared under his name. It does not contain his memoirs—owing to a complicated copyright tangle these will only appear later—but a collection of articles written by him for various specialist Soviet military publications. They are dull, platitudinous, cliché-ridden, conventional and academic. All the interesting parts are included in Mr. Bialer's selection anyway. Perhaps Zhukov is just a bad writer. Perhaps he will let himself go in his memoirs. However that may be, this book was hardly worth publishing. It tells us nothing either about Russia's outstanding World War II military commander or about his relations with the terrifying figure who ruled Russia for 25 years and led his country—first to the brink of defeat, and then to a victory unparalleled in her history. □

Enemies of the Permanent Things
By Russell Kirk
Arlington House, $7

A STANDARD FOR PUBLIC VIRTUE

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Russell Kirk, that latter day Dr. Johnson of conservatism, centers his *Enemies of the Permanent Things* around his understanding of what constitutes norms. "A norm means an enduring standard. It is a law of nature which we ignore at our peril. It is a rule of human conduct and a measure of public virtue." The author does not see a norm as necessarily following from philosophical first principles, although he does not deny the role philosophy plays in the discovery of norms. Kirk's insight into the normative is thoroughly analogical: standards capable of forming the keel of the barque of humanity are hewn out of wood found in many forests of the human spirit. Norms are established by custom, by a traditional living out of historical existence in which each generation forms a new skin built upon the sinews of its predecessors. Kirk is fond of quoting Chesterton's famous dictum that "tradition is the democracy of the dead," the giving of the franchise to the cemetery.

Avoiding the pitfall of equating the good with the merely old, Russell Kirk roots his thesis firmly in the classical and Christian inheritance of natural

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law, a law elevated and transfigured in the fires of Revelation. Custom and natural law are joined by the imaginative insight of the seer in constituting a trinity of sources from which mankind produces that civility without which life degenerates into a barbarism worse than mere animality.

Kirk's conviction that literary knowledge is precisely *that*, knowledge, is demonstrated in part two of his book. Kirk tells us unabashedly that he believes that "the aim of great books is ethical—to teach what it means to be a man." Finding the life of letters in the disciplined sensibility of an Eliot or in the robust and even bawdy ballads of a Roy Campbell, Kirk is possibly at his best in this regard in his splendid analysis of the career of the late Ilya Ehrenburg. A man of passable talent, Ehrenburg was exalted to the status of an artistic guru in the Soviet Union. Bored by those endless Marxist "romances of production goals in a tractor factory," Ehrenburg—born into a bourgeois Jewish family, happy in bohemian Paris before 1918—nonetheless lacked both the integrity and the imagination to break with the system that made him famous and comfortable. Kirk's condemnation is almost Swiftian in its savagery: "The fatigue which sighs from his pages is like the last gasp of the old rationalism expiring under the weight of Marxism." Convinced that the health of a society is generally in proportion to the vigor of its letters, Dr. Kirk finds his heroes in men like Max Picard who sang silence, Tolkien who revived fantasy, and Ray Bradbury who turned science fiction to moral and therefore human ends.

THE ENEMY of the literary imagination is the ideologue who imposes abstractions upon reality, thus pressing mankind upon a Procrustean bed. By "ideology" the author does not mean political philosophy or religious doctrine, nor does he mean reasoning from first principles. Ideology is the ape of Christianity, promising—as it does—salvation here below in a mundane, secularized society. In a word: for the ideologue there is no pie in the sky; but there is going to be pie here below even if we have to get it with fixed bayonets. Ideology in its pure form finds its apotheosis in the passion for power. Kirk quotes Orwell's O'Brien, the apostle of the new order in *1984*: "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."

In his discussion of the norms of politics, Kirk demonstrates that the American soil has never been propitious for the development of any full-blown gnostic ideology. The American experience, exalting self-reliance and annealed in adventure, with its concomitant sense of risk and contingency, did not in the past lend itself easily to totalitarian movements of either Communist or fascist hue. Nonetheless, even this nation experienced—today experiences even more—the gnostic temptation. Wilson fell into the trap when he wished to make the world safe for democracy and succeeded only in plunging Europe into a chaos of nations that waited successively upon the cleansing, if vicious, vengeance of Nazi and Communist swords.

Kirk, unlike this reviewer, interprets American liberalism as largely imported from nineteenth-century English and German models. In any event, his discussion of American federalism and of its profoundly conservative roots is among the more interesting studies found in this work. Distinguishing territorial democracy from plebiscitary, Kirk argues that they are antithetical and that the drift towards the latter in our day portends an even further centralization of governmental power in Washington. This power would have to collapse under its own weight because of the impossibility of ruling a nation so enormously complex from one fixed geographical center. Kirk demonstrates his contention most effectively, in my opinion, in his discussion of local control of schools by boards appointed by and directly responsible to parents. In all cases, Kirk is the friend of diversity in unity, of analogy, and the enemy of any rationalist structuring of society around the principle of mass production. It would be interesting to have a public exchange of views between Dr. Kirk and Mr. L. Brent Bozell on the depth of America's historic commitment to the Christian tradition. Such a discussion might reveal deep disagreements even among those men who have pitched their tents in the Army of Tradition.

Kirk's prime targets are those myriad swarms of professors who live in the *doxa*, who refuse to teach, and who are not true philosophers but philodoxers. "Value-free" behavioral science, instead of contenting itself with the modest role of an auxiliary instrument in the service of wisdom, has carved out an empire for itself within the academy which starves norms and impoverishes students bent upon vision rather than statistics. As an antidote to the banalities of behaviorist pretension and arrogance, Kirk advances *The New Science of Politics* and the *Order and History* of Dr. Eric Voegelin. Like all of us, Kirk confesses his great debt to Voegelin. He compresses into an elegantly constructed essay the march of Voegelinian theses: 1) the discovery of a divine order and the very constitution of history as a mode of being in Israel; 2) the leap into being through the discovery of philosophical truth in Plato and Aristotle; 3) gnosticism as the immanentizing of the Christian experience.

BUT PERHAPS—I raise the issue only provisionally because the last volume of *Order and History* has not yet been published—Kirk, like all of us (I confess *mea culpa*), has taken Voegelin too uncritically. The split between immanence and transcendence makes the Incarnation not only theoretically difficult to justify apologetically, but it also makes the Incarnation terribly messy and unaristocratic for a man so enamored of Plato. Kirk does not ask Voegelin whether the Resurrection was an historical event: if it was not, "our faith is in vain" says St. Paul. Nor does Kirk ask Voegelin how his increasing distaste for doctrinal definitions of the *depositum fidei* distinguishes his position from that of the modernists condemned by the encyclical *Pascendi*. Voegelinian experience may be an interesting luxury but most of us Christians live by the creeds.

I ought not to cavil with Dr. Kirk for not doing what nobody thus far on the Right has done in print. Let me, rather, congratulate him. All friends of civilization are in his debt for his having written a profoundly urbane and elegant critique of the enemies of the permanent things. In truth Russell Kirk is the Dr. Johnson of a movement towards restoration which has nourished all of us, even those of us who believe today that we must move into a world which will be so radically new that it will require a surgery whose instruments are older than conservatism while being paradoxically younger than anything thus far known in the past four hundred years of Western experience. □

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Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings
Edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade *Harcourt, $8.95*

CHAMPION OF FREEDOM AND THE INDIVIDUAL

JEFFREY HART

E. E. Cummings is not one of those poets, like Keats or Gray, whose letters possess an interest comparable to that of the poetry; but it is good to have this collection of his extant letters, well and unobtrusively edited, which completes the Cummings *oeuvre*. The letters are mostly topical; Cummings does not use the form as an opportunity for profound reflection. Yet this volume allows the reader to follow him from his earliest days through Harvard, the First World War, and his mature years as a successful poet. Again and again the past becomes present through Cummings' powers of evocation, all the more impressive because casually exercised. He writes to his parents from the Hôtel du Palais in May 1917:

> Aeroplanes & dirigibles are daily occurrences here. They all go over the du Palais by preference. As I write, a huge tractor biplane with silvery nose glistening in absolute sunlight thunders over my head, making it impossible to think. It's going very fast, not at all like an American machine. Last night I sat in the Champs (with my feet in a running gutter) for a half-hour, watching an eclairée aeroplane come from perhaps fifty miles off, through a night bursting with stars.

The letters also comprise a firecracker chain of jokes, many of them good. One of my favorites: Kenneth Burke introducing himself to Cummings as "the fellow who invented the slogan for Brotherhood Week: My brother can beat your brother." The answer from Cummings: "I unquestionably am the infraultrafabulous preprotofascist Ogre of the Cowcatchus . . . I have been found guilty of the misdemeanor known as lace-majesty (or making light of Einstein) & convicted of the crime entitled happy-us-coppers (or openly avowing a predilection for David at the expense of Goliath). . . ."

But if the letters are in the end minor Cummings, they do retain the quality that is most characteristic and valuable in his work itself: his radical individualism—a moral, aesthetic, and even epistemological thing, which, though suffused with gaiety, hijinks and frivolity of all sorts, is at bottom deadly serious. His individualism was probably innate, but it certainly was reinforced and made central to his being by his experiences during the First World War. Like Hemingway, like, indeed, so many writers who came to maturity under the circumstances of the War, Cummings had a settled hatred for collectivity and organization. Life was individual, spontaneous, concrete, felt; the collective, the bureaucratized, the abstract, the mass—these were death.

A VOLUNTEER in the Norton-Harjes ambulance service, Cummings was jailed by the French on trumped-up charges, actually put in what amounted to a concentration camp. But, unlike Kafka's Joseph K, who is dehumanized by the "law," Cummings found his outlaw status to be a paradoxical liberation. In the jail, the Enormous Room, he was outside the collective machine, and, therefore, spiritually free. We are not surprised to find, years later, that Cummings' friendship with Pound was uninterrupted by Pound's incarceration in St. Elizabeth's, and that Cummings corresponded with him continuously.

This experience of freedom is really what all of Cummings' poetry is about. It informs not only his choice of subjects—spring, love, the boulevards, the demi-monde, sex, dreams, children, nature, war, death—but also has characteristic attitudes toward them, and it inspires his unmistakable manner, that formal and verbal experimentalism which makes him the ideal poet laureate of a mythic Paris of the spirit which, for a while in the 1920s, coincided with Paris, France.

i walked the boulevard

i saw a dirty child
skating on noisy wheels of joy

The free man, the man outside the system, sees directly and concretely, without the intervention of abstraction, even the abstraction of language. So seen, reality is dynamic rather than static, mysterious rather than predictable: language, therefore, must become elastic to accommodate the vision. The poet is like Cummings' knife-grinder who "sharpens say to sing"—verbs become nouns, while retaining their verbal character, and in their plasticity imitate the reality itself. As fully developed, this technique produces poems which seem impenetrable, but really aren't. Take these lines on autumn:

am was. are leaves few this. is these a
or
scratchily over which of earth dragged
once
-ful leaf.

The leaves are dead. What once had full being, "am," is now in the past tense, "was." This may seem a mere trick, but Cummings is actually calling attention to the ontological character of verbs: being is not only a state but also an action. The shattered syntax of the following words imitates the scattering of the leaves, but also, through juxtaposition of number, conveys the poet's dismay: there are so few leaves left that he hesitates to say "are" or "is," for though he sees more than one leaf he perceives them singly. In the second line a dead leaf blows scratchily over earth which is now a dead thing, a "which." The leaf has lost all its qualities, and is now only the formal ending of an adjective: "-ful." This, of course, is highly intellectualized, and "brilliant," but interesting and I think successful; and of course Cummings could when he chose write with a lyric grace which recalls the Elizabethans.

His radical individualism is morally refreshing. He was a free man: to employ his own idiom, we apprehend him as a felt am is. And since he does not set up as a comprehensive philosopher, we feel no need to ask of him what he will not provide: his radical individualism omits all sense of community, and therefore much of the characteristically human. Yet he had hold of a deep truth, and he never let go of it: that without freedom is only spiritual death.

In 1931 he visited Russia, and scandalized the manufacturers of opinion with *Eimi*, his account of the trip. "Russia, I felt, was more deadly than war; when nationalists hate, they hate by merely killing and maiming human beings; when internationalists hate, they hate by categorying and pigeonholing human beings." *Eimi*, indeed, is full of Cummings' technical virtuosity, all of it making the point that Soviet Russia is a prison. There is a Dantean parallel, a journey through hell and an escape into rebirth; the first word of the book is "shut," and the last "open." □

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The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me
By Lillian Gish and Ann Pinchot
Prentice-Hall, $7.95

TRUE HEART GISH

ARLENE CROCE

One day in June 1912, two awesomely pretty little girls in handsewn summer dresses and leghorn hats walked in the door at American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, 11 East 14th Street, where the best moving pictures in the world were made. Within an hour they were tearing around the big rehearsal hall upstairs, screaming, while a long-faced man they had just met shouted, "Fear—*more fear*! Look into the lens!" and fired bullets over their heads. That was how it was done. That was also the last time anything ever frightened Lillian Gish.

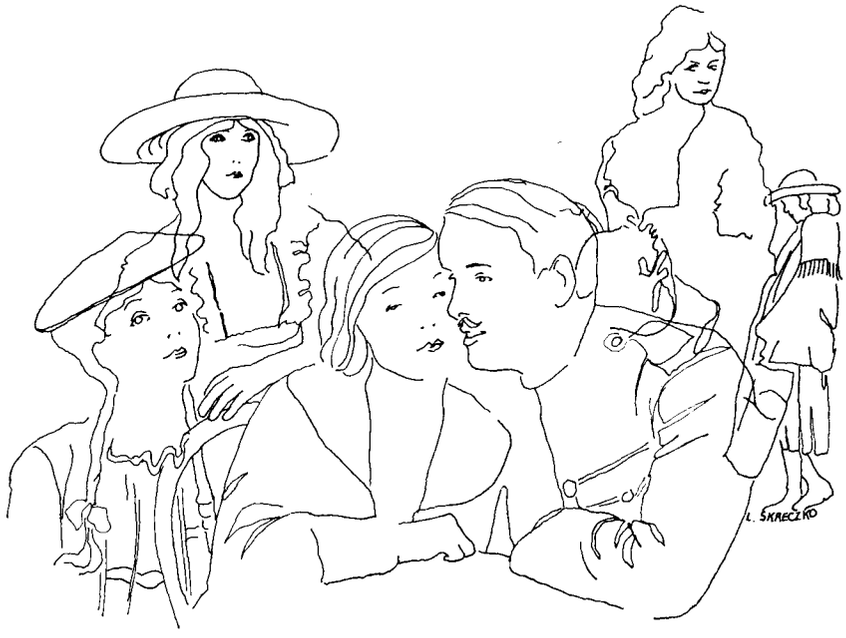
Lillian and her sister Dorothy had come with their mother from Ohio, where the summer before they'd recognized a former playmate, Gladys Smith, in a Biograph production called *Lena and the Geese*. But at the 14th Street studio Gladys was called Mary Pickford, the name given to her by David Belasco. Like Mary, the Gish girls came from the theater and hoped to go back to it; they took film work because the pay was good ($5 a day). But then picture-making fascinated them. They worked hard and stayed late, not only because they were being paid but because it was too exciting to leave. D. W. Griffith, the wild man who had terrified them on their first day, was inventing the movies.

More than half of Lillian Gish's book, *The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me*, is devoted to this great period in American art, and it is far from enough. It is a measure of their joint impact on the new medium that so much should remain to be said of the collaboration of Griffith and Gish, which lasted only nine years. By 1922, when he encouraged her to go out on her own, Griffith's most spectacular achievements—*The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Hearts of the World*, *Orphans of the Storm*—were all behind him; so were his pastoral and pathetic symphonies—*The Romance of Happy Valley*, *True Heart Susie*, *Broken Blossoms*.

Gish's presence, whether as star, ensemble player or off-camera assistant, was crucial to all of these. For *Intolerance*, in which she appears only as an abstract figure, the *leit-motif* to which Griffith repeatedly cuts in the course of his "Sun Play of the Ages," she was there behind the camera, doing research, writing titles, helping in the cutting room. (This most gloriously ambitious of all films failed, Gish thinks, because Griffith had to cut it down to two and a half hours. She had advised him to release it in two segments, an idea that was brilliant for its time, when movies were still new, though it was not more than thinkable until fifty years later, after they had lost all their potency and exhibitors could experiment with a two-part *War and Peace*.) *Way Down East* gets, and deserves, a chapter to itself. The scenes of Lillian struggling through the blizzard, of Lillian being swept toward the falls on her ice floe and Barthelmess performing his —god of horrors!—rescue on the very brink, were not one of them faked. Five persons died during the filming. The movie—never mind what it's *about* —is a record of that.

GISH, IT WAS SAID by her colleagues, was even more serious about movies than Griffith himself. But it was he who taught her the craft, who taught her for instance about silent-screen acting; how to aim for essence, not description; how to watch people in the street for clues to behavior; how to "frown without frowning"; how to project for the camera. "The camera," he told her, "opens and shuts, opens and shuts with equal time—so half of everything you do isn't seen. Then take away the sound, and you lose another quarter." The Griffith players would pay long visits to mental institutions to study the insane. Today, when Gish's performance in *Broken Blossoms* and Mae Marsh's in *Intolerance* touch their supreme moments of panic and despair, the emotion breaks all decorum. We're not used to seeing actresses so far out of themselves. At such moments Lillian often made herself ugly, animal-like. She had a positive talent for grotesque pathos and the stamina to express it and a thousand other things. The popular image of Lillian the dainty fainty virgin doesn't altogether square with her animal sincerity, her cleverness or her courage. (Her mother and sister called her "the Iron Horse.")

After she left Griffith he could still break new ground in *Isn't Life Wonderful* and *Abraham Lincoln*, but apart from these films her view is that he was left with the yes-men and then with the no-men and declined accordingly. My view is that if he declined he did so only to the point where Hollywood and the industry that was so quick to throw up its defenses against him could dictate his methods but not his quality, which always, in each and every film, shed a humane light. *The Struggle*, his last film, attempts to tell a story about an alcoholic (which was what D. W. himself had become) and does so with a persuasive mixture of earnestness and humorous resignation. Hal Skelly, the burlesque comic, is magnificent in it. But Gish thinks it should have been



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with Jimmy Durante, and played for laughs.

Film fans, which is to say Griffith fans, will want to protest this perpetuation of the myth that the late films were zeros, but the Gish book is not written for those of us who, having come late to this unequaled body of work, can bear to part with the bitter legend of genius denied. We are still interested in the films, all of them; in the Silver Age (*Dream Street*, *The White Rose*, *America*) and the sound films no less than in the miracle works of his finest decade, and the experiments that led up to them (one of the most amazing of these, *The Musketeers of Pig Alley*, seems to have been cut out of Miss Gish's book, though not that famous still of her in it, looking frowningly rather).

NO, THE FILM FANS are not appeased. Miss Gish tells a fine and noble story but she tells it to the general reader and she does not tell all she knows—ladies never do. She does not presume to bore us with fascinating details; she does not discuss technique, either of acting or filming or editing. She tells some amusing stories about the one film she directed, *Remodelling Her Husband* (1920). It starred Dorothy (who seems to have resented the gift of levity that made her such an enchanting comédienne) and it did rather well, but of Lillian as a film-maker we learn nothing. And it is as a film-*maker*, as well as an actress, that she is properly revered. Her post-Griffith films, *The White Sister*, *La Bohème*, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Wind* were all Gish projects; she chose the stories, the cast and the director, and in some cases wrote and cut the film. When Seastrom (Sjöström), the great Swedish director, was forced by exhibitors to change the ending of *The Wind*, his skill and Gish's combined to suggest the possibility of hallucination, so that perhaps the girl does go mad as originally intended. Much later, in 1956, the remarkable *The Night of the Hunter* bore nostalgic traces of her influence.

But as sound crept in and with it a new kind of leading lady (the prototype was Garbo) the bosses got restive over Lillian's reputation, on and off screen, for probity. Irving Thalberg offered to arrange a scandal for her. She declined. Shortly thereafter, at the age of 31, she left Hollywood for Broadway and launched a new career on the stage. Not a moment too soon for the bosses. Garbo was already muttering about the freedom she would enjoy when she became a "beeg star like Mees Geesh."

She is the actress of actresses. Her immortality is so secure she can afford to produce a book of memoirs mostly about someone else (and written, I fear, by someone else, too). The "Me" of the title is a dim eminence indeed, despite the trophies she occasionally flourishes at us, trophies of an artist who knows her worth and who gives as good as she gets. Mae Marsh, she writes, "was the only actress of whom I was ever jealous." I would have disbelieved any other. She betrays few personal wounds, although men would seem to have upset her grievously more than once. When she loses her beloved mother only two months after the death of D. W., she passes quickly on to a discussion of television, the new medium. After these events the story trails off in a series of "And then I met . . ." autobiographical entries. Dorothy died last year; noted. "I do *Arsenic and Old Lace on TV*. . . ." Dear Gish, you were perfectly fine. □

THE PASSING SCENE

THE MARVELOUS MISS MERCER

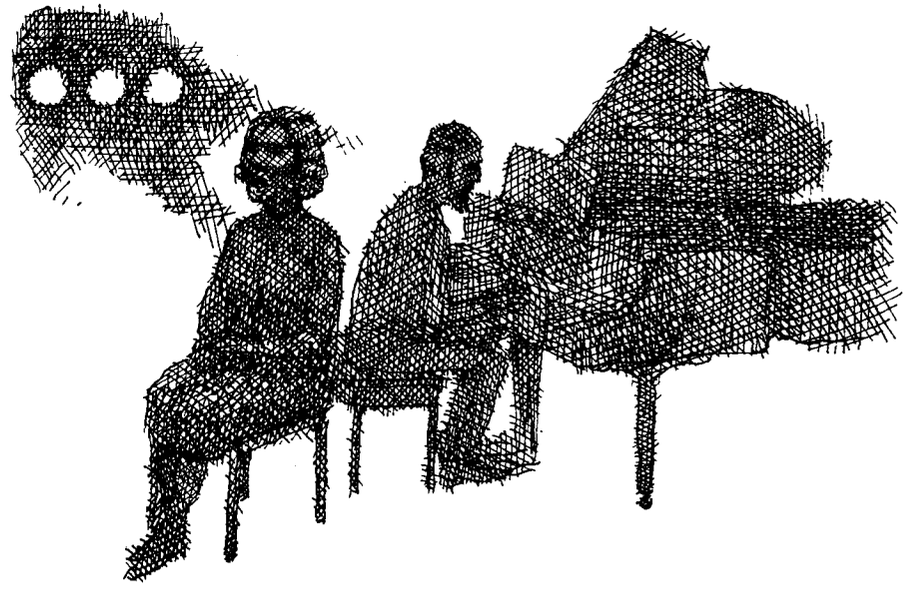
C. H. SIMONDS

The restaurant (since gone out of business) is a campy, Tiffany-lampy place a few miles beyond the end of the Taconic State Parkway, catering in summer to the Tanglewood trade and in winter to skiers en route to and from Vermont. There is entertainment—most nights, folkum for the generation that came out of college a few years before humming Joan Baez and The Weavers. But tonight there is Mabel—*who*? Mercer. Didn't she used to? . . . God, is she still around?

Miss Mercer is alive and well in Columbia County, New York, in a comfortable old farmhouse whence she journeys, once in a great while, to New York City to do a concert at Town Hall or a few weeks at a nightclub—"just to pay my taxes," she twinkles. One watches the fine print in the *New Yorker*, where she comes and goes like a will-o'-the-wisp.

THE LADY HAS BEEN AROUND—after a few seasons in British musical comedy, to Paris in 1920; a mainstay of Bricktop's there from 1930 to 1938; then to this country for seven years at Tony's, six at the Byline Room, several at her own club. Whenever she has appeared, the songwriters have gathered like honeybees: Cole Porter wrote songs for her, and Alec Wilder, Douglass Cross and George Cory, Bart Howard.

But back to the restaurant upstate, just down the road from the farmhouse. Even in the heyday of her heyday (her heyday, understand, is still going on), Miss Mercer's following was never enormous; now it has boiled down to a hot, hard-core cult. A fiftyish woman has driven forty miles and will die if Miss Mercer doesn't sing "You Will Wear Velvet"; a young man has come all the way up from the city with a girl who wonders what this is all about. One half expects a master of ceremonies to arise and begin handing out awards: Oldest person present,



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traveled the farthest, can hum the most tunes . . . As more drinks are ordered, the cultmanship escalates to frenzy-pitch.

Suddenly she is bustling gracefully through the audience, a stoutish woman in a glittery blue dress, with tightly coiffed grey hair and *café-au-lait* skin. Perching on a plain straight chair beside the piano, she folds her hands and smiles patiently through the applause and then, to an unobtrusive piano accompaniment, opens with something light and pleasant—"The First Warm Day in May"; "It Was Just One of Those Things." The first surprise is her diction: Pure British (much more so than her speaking voice), the vowels precise, even an occasional rolled R. The voice is a mellow contralto perfect for café singing, radiating warmth in a song to a little child,

Jenny Rebecca, four days old,
What d'you think of the world so far?

and quite as much in songs that in other hands might be merely bleak—songs of love lost, love unrequited, love strayed or soured.

All her songs are love songs, most from the vantage-point of afterwards: After the party (Romberg-Hammerstein's "Just Once around the Block"; "Thank You for the Flowers"), after the affair (Wilder's "Goodbye John"; "Just One of Those Things"; "Hello, Young Lovers"). Many are freighted with the same sort of anguish that Piaf and Holliday gave voice to, but Miss Mercer brings to them a lady's perspective; a tough lady's wisdom and resilience. Sometimes she allows a moment of self-pity, sometimes she is like Archy's Mehitabel, *toujours gai*, but always she remembers that "after all, it was worth it."

One gropes in vain for an adjective. "Ageless" won't do; to use it is to concede that the subject is old, and Miss Mercer isn't, only sixtyish. She is no classic of the embalmer's art like Mae West, no old trouper gamely trouping on to the music of yesterday's applause. One need never apologize for Miss Mercer, or make excuses for her. Her voice may break now and then, but only when she wants it to. In all her love songs she is a storyteller, and she is entirely plausible.

THE RENEWED INTEREST in Miss Mercer and her songs cannot be put down to the nostalgia boom *as such*; listening to Mercer records is not the same as listening to Ruth Etting records, and she does not—unlike Bobby Short, with whom she appeared in concert last winter—trot out her queer old songs to be indulgently laughed at. Singer and songs are as valid as ever they were; innocent for all their wisdom, altogether humane. One of her classics, written for her by Alec Wilder, begins and ends this way:

Did you go to the school by the river?
Did you spend all your young days there?
Did you ever cross over to Sneeden's
With the setting sun blessing your hair?

Did you ever cross over to Sneeden's
Where the white houses cling to the hill?
Did you ever cross over to Sneeden's;
Do you think that you ever will?

Waiting by the river, under saplings that are grown to elms, remembering. It is the next step beyond sentimentality, sound coin anytime, perfectly believable, begging no allowances. The lady is waiting over there, and sooner or later, tired of the temporary, we come. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BETWEEN THE BULLET AND THE LIE: *American Volunteers in the Spanish Civil War, by Cecil Eby* (*Holt, $7.95*). Eby, Professor of English at Michigan, tells two stories here. The first is an account of the Spanish Civil War and the men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who volunteered to fight on the Republican side, the second a carefully documented analysis of the rigid control of the Lincolns by the Communist Party (both American and Soviet). The Lincolns were at first puritanical Marxists who had to be shamed into drinking Spanish wine. But by 1938 they had become soldiers, albeit Marxist soldiers, concerned with booze, tobacco and women—and, of course, with staying alive. As fighters they were flops, *Daily Worker* puffs to the contrary. At the first smell of combat at Jarma they mutinied and had to be driven back to the lines at gunpoint. By the end of the war they no longer fled, and when Franco entered Barcelona in 1939 they were competent but hardly heroic troops who had mastered the rudiments of the trade, but never won a major battle. Eby knows troops and his descriptions of their daily life rings true. Even more interesting, however, is his study of Communist control, perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the execution of deserters, supervised by American Commissar John Gates, at Darmos. (One wonders how the Lincoln apologists would view similar treatment of American deserters presently in Sweden.) Eby reconstructs battles skilfully; his account of the Battle of Brunete, for instance, is superb. But the great value of this book lies in its objectivity. The Lincolns were *not* heroes; they *were* Communists; and the Nationalists were *not* satanic. "Historical documentation is virtually helpless in containing the growth of mythic accretions," says Eby. Perhaps. But this book represents a fine step in the right direction. J. R. COYNE JR.

NORMA JEAN, *by Fred Lawrence Guiles* (*McGraw-Hill, $8.95*). The national preoccupation with Marilyn Monroe seems to have abated in recent years, what with so many other things to worry about. Mr. Guiles has made a fair bid to revive the subject in this full-length and, one supposes, definitive biography. Like previous writers, he attempts to relate the Monroe tragedy to early misfortunes. His story also suggests, however, that the uptown phase through which she passed in her final years—Actor's Studio, the liaison with Miller, co-starring with Olivier—played a related and perhaps more decisive role. An actress of great physical appeal, a generous and conventional nature, and a gift for comedy, she apparently sought respectability through immersion in middle-brow *kultur*. It is hard to believe that the strain of this intellectual charade did not contribute importantly to the feelings of inadequacy and isolation which troubled her so greatly and led on finally to her death. M. S. EVANS

THE AGE OF ROCK: *Sounds of The American Cultural Revolution, edited by Jonathan Eisen* (*Random House, $6.95*). The subtitle pretty well sums it up, and leads one to wonder how much longer the word *revolution* can be debased. Much scare-talk from the Left, led by poor old Nat Hentoff, about how rock is coming after poor old Mr. and Mrs. Robinson with the bit in its teeth and pikestaffs at the ready. Pooh. Now that rock is giving way to a souped-up but fundamentally square, antipolitical extension of country-and-Western, the meaning-mongers here assembled will have to switch gears and find something else to be superserious about. Some useful fact-pieces for the *aficionado*, like Ian Birchall's "The Decline and Fall of British Rhythm and Blues" and Gene Lees' summing-up of the new importance of Nashville (where, incidentally, rock went to the country); an occasional good interview; too little personal reaction to what is after all a personal experience. Reading books about rock is as useful as reading books on how to make love. Buy records.

C. H. SIMONDS

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GORMLEY

(cont. from p. 850)

have no hope, no incentive. They work only when they must. They drink for escape. "The vineyards alone are busy. It's very sad to see the people you know come to this. You can't imagine.

"A woman I remembered as very vivacious still retains a spark of her former *joie de vivre*. She has a beautiful garden with a high wall all around. She never goes anyplace—ever. She says, 'This is my world. There's nothing out there for me.' "

But the young people are different. They crowd the cabarets and belligerently applaud the anti-Russian comics. They refuse to hide their feelings. Under Dubcek they were given a dangerous taste of freedom. Now they thirst for the cup. □

FOLEY

(cont. from p. 859)

ers, so that his real problem is to decide whether he will pay it out to win, or rake it in to lose. The rules are also unusual: jockeys ride bareback and use heavy ox-sinew whips—on each other. They may block, cut in front, remount if they fall. The horses enjoy spilling riders into the crowd as they round the two ninety-degree turns. The *contrada* whose horse—with or without rider—crosses the finish line first after three circuits of the piazza is the winner.

Palio celebrations last four days; after that, it's a relief to drive out to one of the "little towns" nearby. San Gimignano, perhaps, with its thirteen "skyscraper" towers that acted as office, house and fortress to their rich merchant owners. Once there were 72, and Florence and Pisa bristled with hundreds more. San Gimignano's are the best preserved. They are grim, but a little absurd too, like left-over cakes. A fine patina of moss covers the walls. Weeds and rock roses spring from crevices. Swarms of rooks roost in them, whose cawing wakes you every morning.

The town is charming—almost too charming—with its arty angular shops selling green glass bottles in precise basketwork, its hotels contrived from the insides of abandoned *palazzi*. The famous Ghirlandaio frescoes in the *duomo* are carefully guarded by a sacristan who lights a flexi-lamp for you, and for a modest 100 lire delivers an impromptu lecture to an audience of one. One hotel boasts lines of fading photographs of famous visitors, among them Spencer Tracy, and a slimmer Orson Welles.

Tuscany's walled and many-towered cities began to grow as urban trade increased in the eleventh century. But many have more remote origins. Volterra (the setting of Visconti's Venice prize film, *Vague Stars of the Bear*, is Etruscan, and its museum is crowded with shelves of funeral urns on which perch sinister sphinx-like ladies, all wearing identical sneery smiles.

From the eroded, imposing Etruscan gate there is a superb view across the green spaces of Tuscan countryside beyond the semicircle of the Roman theater. It's an alabaster quarrying town, and the shops where the carving is done are entirely covered with fine white powder. The finished art objects are sold around the world.

There are a score of equally attractive away-from-it-all spots within an hour of Siena and Florence. Vinci, Leonardo's birthplace, where the artist's house is kept as a museum. Arezzo, the home of Petrarch, all narrow hilly streets, where the paintings of Piero della Francesca and the Romanesque church of Pieve di Santa Maria are in themselves worth a visit (and there is much else). Vallambrosa, away from summer heat in the great pine forests three thousand feet over the Arno.

Forster's traveler had another piece of worldly wisdom: "Love and understand the Italians," he advised. "For the people are more marvelous than the land." The most incorrigibly individual of Italians are the Tuscans: proud and stubborn, like their ancestors and namesakes, the Etruscans; but also generous, kindly and always welcoming. □

MOATS

(cont. from p. 848)

"I would have been branded as another Kravchenko and my testimony wouldn't have reached the right audience. I wanted it to be read by Communists and progressives and that wouldn't have been possible before the Prague spring."

Last August, he went to Prague to deliver the manuscript of the book to the Writers' Union for publication. He arrived five hours before the entrance of the Soviet troops coming in to bolster the same elements that had engineered the Slansky trial seventeen years earlier.

The book has not yet appeared in Czechoslovakia, but in France, where it's on sale in the party book stores, it is reaching the audience he sought. The French party, probably with an eye on voters shaken by the invasion of Czechoslovakia, made no attempt to prevent its publication.

Many French critics pointed out that London had unveiled one mystery only to leave us with another: How could a man who had been so mangled in the machinery of the Communist system remain a Communist? How could he fail to believe that there must be something wrong with a system under which such horrors are perpetrated? His answer is that he still wants to fight for socialism and, from now on, his energies will be devoted to helping remove the canker of Stalinism. The true reason, of course, is that he can't bring himself to face the fact that Stalinism was not a deviation but the inevitable end product of Marxism: to admit that would be to admit that he has wasted forty years of his life.

He emerges from the pages of his book as such a gentle, upright, star-crossed man—who was chosen to be a victim because he could never have been a persecutor—that any humane reader, no matter how anti-Communist, can only hope that he will never discover that he has wasted his life. For him, that would be the ultimate, the unbearable tragedy. □

RUSSELL

(cont. from p. 857)

can probably no longer go.

Yeats was a much-quoted poet in the Kennedys' Camelot. One hesitates to apply his "Meditations in Time of Civil War" to a sorry summer resort cookout. Yet he did write:

We are closed in, and the key is turned
On our uncertainty; somewhere
A man is killed or a house burned,
Yet no clear fact to be discerned.

At Martha's Vineyard, it is a girl who is killed, and the house that is threatened—if not burned—is the sudden, coruscant house of Kennedy. Yet if Camelot is indeed over, it might be remembered that the Kennedy version derived not from Malory, or even from Tennyson, but from a musical. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Taking the Fifth

On The Right

New York, Aug. 15—What Senator Kennedy has done, in effect, is to plead the Fifth Amendment. Not only has he said, or rather has had it said in his behalf, that he will not ever again discuss the mystery of Chappaquiddick, he has apparently sworn his entire party to silence.

The Massachusetts judiciary meanwhile give promise of cooperating. So do the police in Edgartown, who acted towards the Senator like equerries. At this point dignitaries flew into Hyannis Port from all over the country to contrive a statement which was a combination of tusheries ("I was not under the influence of alcohol"), and heroic but guarded self-mortification ("what I then did was indefensible").

I HAVE A LETTER from my friend Edgar Smith, who resides in the death cell at Trenton, New Jersey. "Thirty years the Kennedys have been attending the Edgartown Regatta, sez Teddy. And there are only two roads on that little island, so how did he take the wrong turn?" asks Smith. "Seriously, Bill, I told a better story than Teddy, and *I* got convicted."

That is a harshly-stated version of what is nevertheless on the mind of many people who were left unsatisfied by Senator Kennedy's public performance—not so much unsatisfied by what he said, as unsatisfied that that was to be all that he said. It is as if the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, deeply implicated in, let us say, the disappearance of a million dollars from the safe, were to closet himself in the Waldorf Towers, consulting only with Edward Bennett Williams and Dean Rusk, were to summon in the networks, announce that he had indeed been careless in the handling of money, but that not one penny had been turned to his own use, that he would continue as president of Chase Manhattan, but would never again allude to the Case of the Missing Million.

Over the years there has been much controversy over the question whether it is proper to draw negative inferences from the pleading of the Fifth Amendment. There was general agreement that it is proper to do so, though Dean Griswold of the Harvard Law School challenged that assumption vigorously during the McCarthy days when so many people were pleading the Fifth.

The line of reasoning went roughly as follows: that by pleading the Fifth you were not necessarily engaged in suppressing evidence that would incriminate you of the crime of which you were suspect. You might plead the Fifth, said its defenders, on the grounds that you wanted to keep hidden information that would damage someone else (granted, it is illegal to plead the Fifth in behalf of someone else: but who is going to find out?); or you might plead the Fifth in order to guard against the discovery of a completely different involvement, unsuspected by the prosecutor. For example, if asked where you were on the night of the murder, you might plead the Fifth not because you killed her, but because at that moment it happened that you were asleep in a motel in the adulterous embraces of a lady whose existence, let alone whose name, you did not wish to bring to public attention.

Now notwithstanding that it is theoretically an open question whether damaging inferences are to be drawn by someone's use of the Fifth Amendment, it remains accepted that an employee may be dismissed for refusing to answer questions put to him by his employer. That is to say, an employee may not appeal to the courts if he is fired after refusing to answer a question put to him by an employer. The analogy to a senator and his constituency is obvious.

JUSTICE DOUGLAS of the Supreme Court once wrote (*Beilan* v. *Board of Education*) that "private citizens . . . may make such deductions and reach such conclusions as they choose from the failure of a citizen to disclose." And a revered Chief Justice from Senator Kennedy's home state put it most trenchantly: "When . . . it is apparent that the accused is so situated that he could offer evidence of all the facts and circumstances as they existed, and show, if such was the truth, that the suspicious circumstances can be accounted for consistently with innocence, and he fails to offer such proof, the natural conclusion is that the proof, if produced, instead of rebutting would tend to sustain the charge." (Shaw, in *Commonwealth* v. *Webster.*) □

THE TRIALS OF WALTER ANNENBERG

London, Aug. 5—The new ambassador to the Court of St. James is Mr. Walter Annenberg, a prosperous publisher whose properties include a newspaper in Philadelphia, *TV Guide*, and who knows what else.

Now Walter Annenberg had had no diplomatic experience, so that when he arrived on the scene, there were lots of things he didn't know exactly how to do, even as there would be a lot of things his popular predecessor David Bruce wouldn't know exactly how to do if, suddenly, he were put at the head of a vast publishing empire. In England, form is almost everything, substance having been greatly liquidated, along with the empire, in the past twenty years: so that protocol becomes more important than ever. And Annenberg's initiation into protocol had the twin disadvantages of being his first time at bat, and of his having to perform in front of the television cameras.

IT HAPPENED THAT the Royal Family, which is having a bout of democratization, had consented to permit a film of Buckingham Palace and the Queen, the Prince, and the little princes and princesses, to be shown on British teevee. All of a sudden Walter Annenberg discovered that he was going to be a bit player in that scene. Because on the day that he stepped forward into Buckingham Palace to present his credentials to the Queen, what should he find then but what seemed like all of BBC cranking away, lights, clicks, the whole thing. What's more, having stepped forward and done his bit, all of a sudden he was informed that he and the Queen had to go through it all over again, just like Marilyn Monroe and Tyrone Power.

At this point the Queen felt the necessity to make some idle chatter, and asked if the new ambassador had nestled down satisfactorily in his new quarters, at which point the new am-

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bassador totally lost his tongue, and concocted such a sentence as hasn't been heard since Micawber. "We are in the embassy residence," he explained, "subject of course to some of the discomfiture as a result of the need for elements of refurbishing and rehabilitation." That was quite a mouthful, and all of England roared, and started national contests to see who could match or improve that one. The British can be unkind.

Being an ambassador is a very tough life—and there are worse trials even than being presented to the Queen twice for the benefit of the telly. For instance, people write to you and say: "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Croak are going to be in London with their seventeen in-laws and grandchildren, and I'd appreciate your treating them even as you would me. /s/ John Percival, Senator, Wherever."

Not only does the ambassador find himself tour director for the Croaks. He has to endure the irony that if left to his own inclinations he would treat Senator John Percival, whom he heartily dislikes, not at all. But of course you can't do that, because you are the representative of the President of the United States, and the creature of all who wield influence.

Not that Mr. Annenberg always gives in. A little while ago, relaxing after a long hard day in the office, he received a telephone call. Would he please track down the wig of Mrs. Stephen (Kennedy) Smith, and send it forthwith by diplomatic pouch to Mrs. Smith in care of her sister Mrs. Sargent (Kennedy) Shriver? That was too much for someone who has recently suffered the discomfiture of refurbishing and rehabilitation and the Ambassador rose on his toes and said NO I WON'T SEND MRS. SMITH'S WIG TO MRS. SHRIVER VIA DIPLOMATIC POUCH AND THAT IS THAT!

HOWEVER, HE DID DEPLOY the resources of his office, and after eight or ten telephone calls, the wig was located. Paris suggested that it be given to Lord Harlech to bring over, or to the MP Mr. St. John Stevas, both of whom were headed for the same party. Mr. St. John Stevas was reached first, and volunteered to handle the precious cargo provided the embassy would send the wig over to him: which was done, and it is said that Mrs. Smith appeared resplendent at the party that night—and who there, one wonders, knows that her radiance was in part the doing of rough gruff Republican Walter Annenberg?

He is a very kind man, with deep reserves of humor, and I do not doubt that the British press will, in due course, get to know him and to like him. That would be nice. Another possibility is that Walter Annenberg will sigh and simply buy the British press. □

MAJOR THOMPSON'S SOLUTION

New York, Aug. 10 —To evolve an alternative and successful way of fighting the necessary fight in Vietnam is the great challenge of the day, and it is extraordinary that no public lobby has developed to promote an investigation of alternatives. Sir Robert Thompson is, in this field, a most important human being. He is a modest Englishman of inconspicuous political provenance, who has written a little book (thus far unpublished in America) which has attracted much attention among students of the Vietnam war. His qualifications are an intimate knowledge of the counterinsurgency operations in Burma and Malaya, where he served as Secretary for Defense in an operation which was similar to the Vietnamese insurgency, and dissimilar in that the British won a conclusive victory.

Sir Robert's book is called *No Exit from Vietnam*. His thesis is that the United States cannot retreat from Vietnam without consequences which are by almost anyone's calculations unbearable. I do not believe that this conclusion will come as a surprise to anyone who exercises power in Washington. That the American Left would remain grateful to President Nixon because he pulled out of Vietnam is not only a fiction but known to be a fiction by President Nixon (I know, because he told me so, a few weeks ago: that a precipitant withdrawal from Vietnam would appease the American Left for about five minutes). Thompson describes the consequences of a failure in America's operation in Vietnam darkly and incisively.

"A sellout would be an inexcusable defeat and the predictable consequences of such a defeat need to be carefully weighed. In South Vietnam itself a people would go under. Judging from past experience in China and North Vietnam perhaps several hundred thousand, who have supported the war and fought valiantly and who would certainly oppose the conqueror's subsequent collectivization program, might be slaughtered. This will not be shown on television and so it may not worry liberals and fellow travelers, but others may have it on their conscience."

For those who believe that even that much is tolerable, in exchange for a return of American unity at home, Major Thompson is not encouraging. "While Senator Joe McCarthy's witchhunts may not be repeated, there cannot fail to be recrimination, not confined only to the powerful military lobby. This on top of America's inevitable loss of confidence in herself could be more damaging to American unity in the next few years than all the dissent of the past few years and seriously weaken the United States' position as leader of the West."

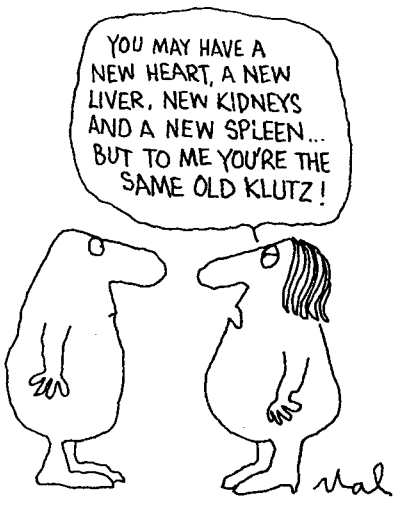
Thompson does not endorse in the conventional way the domino theory of what then would happen if South Vietnam yielded. He puts it differently. What would happen, most predictably, is "drastic realignments of policy in Southeast Asia, probably in Africa, and possibly even in Latin America. With the failure of Western methods of defense in Vietnam, all Western methods will be downgraded even in the political, economic, and technical fields."

What of the long-term future? "With the United States discredited and the British withdrawing from East of Suez, the Russian penetration of the Indian Ocean would gather momentum and effect."

THOMPSON IS NOT—it is overdue to be stressed—a prophet of a necessary doom. On the contrary, although it is late to do so, it is not too late to make the adjustments necessary to frustrate the will of the enemy. Moreover, such adjustments as are necessary do not in his most experienced judgment require the commitment of a greater United States military force. "It should be the general intention within the first year," he writes, "to reduce the strength of American forces by approximately one hundred thousand men. . . . Within a reasonable period of one to two years it should be possible to halve the cost of the war and gradually to reduce it further to a level roughly equivalent to the annual increase in federal revenue."

The details of his plan are engaging the attention of senior members of the U.S. military at this moment. There are two main points on which no concession should be made, according to Major Thompson: "Any further partition of South Vietnam or any form of coalition government with the Vietcong holding certain ministries in the government by right of conquest." Remember that. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The point of junction of the maxillary, lacrimal, and frontal bones — 9 32 114 22 154 129 54

B. Any of several large nocturnal birds of prey of the genus *Bubo* — 169 117 178 82 23 88 131 205

C. Having animal propensities or characteristics — 20 194 108 12 1 201 33

D. Another name for the yellowtail — 175 177 111 195 40 25 55 204 152

E. An English dog trained to hunt certain aquatic animals — 44 17 69 91 97 103 137 147 151 118

F. Any of various English polyphonic instrumental compositions of the 16th and 17th centuries using an antiphon for Trinity Sunday as a cantus firmus — 58 130 2 150 34 187 133 8

G. The group of maenads, satyrs, etc., following Dionysus — 61 18 35 115 64 14 79

H. Easily provoked or annoyed — 71 3 85 89 112 100 153 160 119 164

I. One who works with a certain hard, heavy, durable wood — 83 26 73 36 120 155 136

J. English painter and sculptor (1817-1904) — 95 41 143 156 80

K. A river that joins the Potomac at Harpers Ferry, W. Va. — 101 86 5 121 19 116 16 65 21 90

L. Cork of inferior quality — 107 15 49 172 98 94

M. Pertaining to a disease that originates outside the area in which it occurs but is neither epidemic nor endemic — 162 148 48 56 158 37 193

N. Performed in consequence of a vow — 186 144 42 122 66 199

O. Voraciousness — 197 161 50 170 43 124 10

P. Situated on the bank of a river — 92 81 109 11 125 180 96 45

Q. Poems written by Shakespeare, Petrarch, and Mrs. Browning — 123 145 59 74 68 159 38

R. The burbot — 157 188 27 139 171 110 39

S. Sidetracks — 182 46 70 76 134 203

T. A stately residence — 200 126 93 84 28 185 141

U. Special privilege — 67 77 146 99 165 113 127 176

V. Viewpoints — 135 52 47 173 183 202

W. The Secretary of Commerce — 138 174 106 191 198

X. Unscramble KIND ANTS — 75 181 4 207 189 132 196 166

Y. What Babe Ruth did not use in autographing — 51 140 163 167 57 179 6 192

Z. Pertaining to visual imagery retained in the memory and readily reproducible with great accuracy and in great detail — 87 128 60 53 105 72 29

a. One of the five royal cities of the Philistines — 13 30 102 62

b. Drained of color — 190 184 168 63 31

c. Something very small or insignificant — 24 78 7 149 206 104 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 868 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 C	2 F	3 H		4 X	5 K	6 Y	7 c	8 F	9 A	10 O		11 P	12 C	13 a	14 G	15 L	16 K	
17 E	18 G	19 K	20 C		21 K		22 A	23 B	24 c	25 D	26 I	27 R	28 T	29 Z	30 a	31 b		32 A
33 C	34 F	35 G	36 I	37 M	38 Q	39 R	40 D	41 J	42 N	43 O	44 E	45 P		46 S	47 V	48 M		49 L
50 O	51 Y	52 V	53 Z	54 A		55 D	56 M	57 Y	58 F	59 Q	60 Z		61 G	62 a	63 b		64 G	65 K
66 N	67 U	68 Q	69 E		70 S	71 H	72 Z	73 I	74 Q		75 X	76 S		77 U	78 C	79 G	80 J	81 P
82 B	83 I	84 T		85 H	86 K	87 Z		88 B	89 H	90 K	91 E	92 P		93 T	94 L	95 J		96 P
97 E	98 L	99 U	100H	101K		102a	103E	104c	105Z		106W		107L	108C	109P	110R	111D	112H
113U	114A	115G	116K		117B	118E	119H	120I	121K	122N	123Q	124O	125P	126T	127U	128Z	129A	130F
	131B	132X	133F	134S	135V		136I	137E		138W	139R	140Y	141T	142c		143J	144N	145Q
	146U	147E	148M	149c		150F	151E		152D		153H	154A	155I	156J	157R	158M		159Q
160H		161O	162M	163Y	164H	165U	166X		167Y	168b	169B		170O	171R	172L	173V	174W	175D
176U		177D	178B	179Y	180P	181X	182S	183V		184b	185T	186N	187F	188R	189X		190b	191W
192Y		193M	194C	195D	196X	197O	198W	199N		200T	201C	202V	203S	204D	205B	206c	207X	

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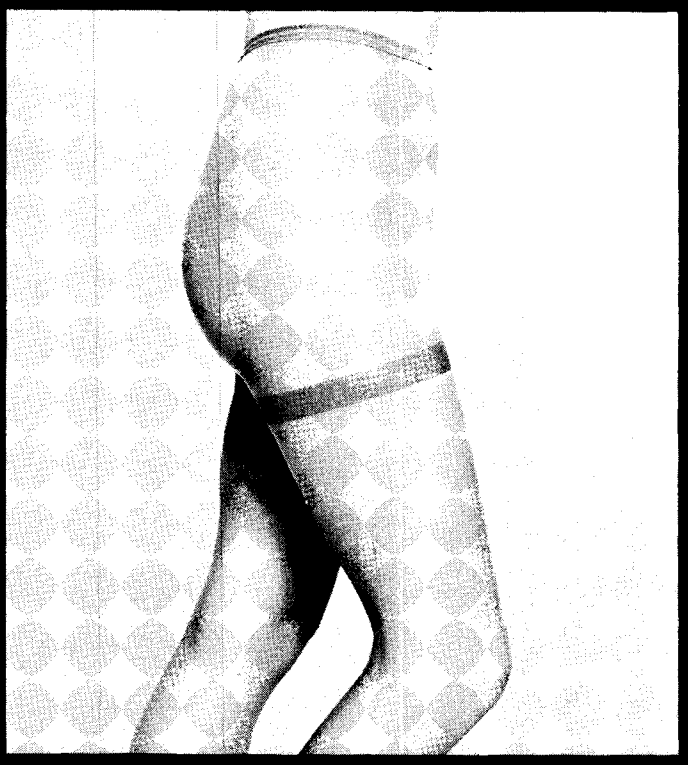

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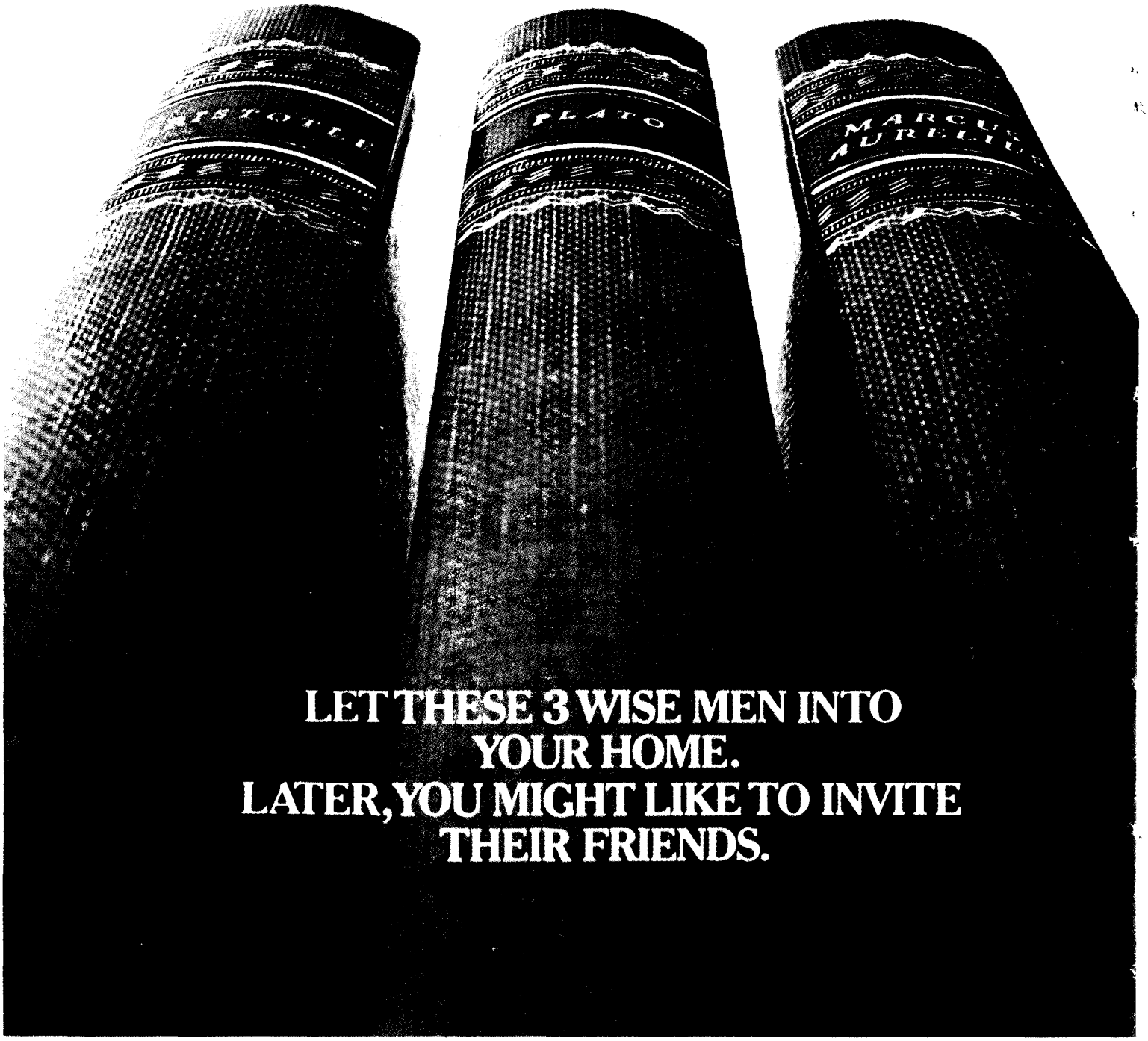

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